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Taber Free Press

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TAYLOR AVENUE - TABER

Sifton is Premier.

The New Cabinet is composed of Hon. A. L. Sifton, Archie McLean, ex-Judge Mitchell, and Hon. Duncan Marshall.

The premier will likely run in Macleod.

Archie McLean is solid in his seat and will be returned by acclamation.

Ex-Judge Mitchell will run in Medicine Hat but will be opposed.

Hon. Duncan Marshall will be returned by acclamation for Olds.

A fifth member may be added from Edmonton.

The new cabinet are all southerners. That is to say they will represent southern constituencies, and as such may change the complexion of the legislation in a geographical sense.

Rutherford may be appointed District Judge in the place of ex-judge Mitchell.

Cushing has been lost in the shuffle. This is the only known case where an icicle has been canned.

Boyle who started the trouble has been forgotten.

The A. & G W. contract will be repudiated.

The House is prorogued till the fall.

As a result of the election of Archie McLean, Taber, is to be presented with a chinook belt.

Great Northern Land Co.

Before buying land in the Taber district it will be to your advantage to consult us.

We can sell you blocks, sections, or any part of a section.

And in buying from us you are dealing direct with the owners.

We know the country and can give reliable information to our patrons as this is our 25th year in the country. Our lands are shown free to intending purchasers.

H. F. Annable : Nelson Blue

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The Hero White Cloud Washing Machine.

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Any husband can operate it with one hand tied behind him. Think of that.

Take it home and try it. If it is not the best washer you ever used, get your money back.

Shiells' Hardware House

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In spite of the advance in the cotton market, here are overalls at less than you have ever bought them in Taber.

The $1.00 quality for 90c. The $1.25 quality for $1.10.

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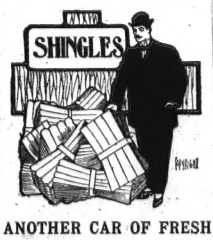

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...ON UNDER ARMS

...IVE OF MY ...ISH)

In the early part of ... Queen Victoria, many ... people in England demanded what they called their Charter, some of the main points of which were voting by ballot, payment of members, universal suffrage, and the abolition of the property qualification. The Chartists committed many outrages in various parts of the country. At Newport, Monmouthshire, about a score were shot dead by soldiers. In 1848 there were disagreeing scenes in London, but the disturbances were put down after many conflicts with the police. The teller of this story, Mr. James Cornish, was a member of the Metropolitan force at that time. He is now living, in his old age, in a remote Suffolk village.

MOST people who agitate for reforms don't know what they want. Some of them are fond of making a noise and a lot of clamour, because it is exciting, and they love thrills. I know that in the days of the Chartists there were many earnest, sober, and level-headed men at work, but there were swarms of good-for-nothings, too, and it was they who caused a good many broken heads and aching backs, and landed a number of their fellows into transportation for life.

I am an old man, with plenty of time to think, and I sometimes wonder if the world now is the same place I lived in when we were seeing the last of what they call the "good old times." Good old times, indeed! They are only called that by the people who never lived in them.

Good old times! Why, I used to pay thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen pence for a loaf of bread that I can buy now for four-pence-halfpenny, and I saw men shamefully hanged in public, outside the grim and gloomy walls of the old Newgate gaol which has been so mercifully swept away.

Good old times! When the Metropolitan policeman got sixteen shillings and eight-pence a week to start with, and went on duty for ten hours at a stretch, come hail, rain, wind, or snow —there you were, and no holidays, and never even a chance of going to church.

I was reported for church duty one Sunday, and thought I could do it as well inside the building as out; so I attended the service. The sergeant came and caught me, and reported me for neglect of duty. How times have changed! There were no such things as this cigarette I'm tackling—it's the first I ever smoked, and if this is how they taste I'll never smoke another.

The Metropolitan policeman of the 'forties was a strange-looking individual. It wore a swallow-tailed coat with bright buttons, and a tall hat. The hat was a fine protection for the head, and saved me from damage from many a Chartist bludgeon. But it had a most stout leather round the top, and a strip of covered steel on each side. Then I had a thick stock round my neck, capable of ... ...gement of fists in those rough and dangerous times.

When the Chartist agitation was at its worst a London policeman, Mr. James Cornish, told me, I was in the thick of it. It is many, many years since I saw that part of London, and I suppose it will have changed beyond recognition. I should recognize the place; but in those days there were fields about and many open spaces, and Clerkenwell generally was a rustic sort of suburb. There were, of course, great numbers of the working classes who listened readily enough to what agitators had to say about wrongs of which a lot of people know nothing till attention was called to their existence.

Stormy meetings were held everywhere, and the police were nearly run off their legs in trying to keep order. They were a fine body of men, but far fewer in number and inferior in organization to the Metropolitan force of today. Those were rougher, harder, coarser times, and where, in these days, many arrests would be made, we, in the 'forties, used to brush the mobs off the streets, and out of the way. The chief thing was to get rid of them.

The rioting in London took the form of running fights between the Chartists and the guardians of the law, and the man who wanted excitement could get plenty of it at a very cheap rate. Every policeman became a target, and the way some of us got struck proved what first-rate shots the Chartists were.

The weapons that were mostly used in the beginning were bludgeons and stones and bricks. There was plenty of ammunition going, because the streets were not what they are now, and there were heaps of rubbish at hand. As for the Chartists' bludgeons, they got them easily enough from trees and fences, which came in very useful for a man who wanted a good cudgel for big stake. A stake of this kind was about the only stake most of the rioters had in the country!

A good many of the Chartists were ambitious in the direction of weapons. I do not know whether it was a branch of a tree or a stake from a fence that did the mischief in my own case, but look at my right hand. It is old and crooked, but the twistings are not just the work of time. No, the Chartists had at me with some sort of stick that smashed the hand. If it had not been for my quaint tall hat I should have found my head in the same condition as my hand.

The Chartists were very keen on petitions. They arranged a tremendous petition, and proposed to hold an enormous meeting on Kennington Common.

Their idea was that about a quarter of a million of people would attend, and that, awed by the demands of such a multitude, the Government would be forced to give them what they demanded. In these days, with the help of the newspapers, telegraph, and telephone, you can get together a mass meeting in a few hours, but at that time it was a long, laborious business to assemble agitators.

The terrible experiences at Newport and elsewhere had taught the Chartists that they would have to be careful, but even the sternest lessons are soon forgotten, and in Clerkenwell the police were always coming into conflict with the mob. At first it was a general sort of skirmishing. Men would assemble and go for us, and we went for them. It was not so much a question of arrest-mongers as getting to close quarters.

A famous battle ground was Clerkenwell Green, and another place I remember well was Coweross Street. There was plenty of open space on the Green for fighting, and many houses in which the Chartists could hide and throw things at us. Occasionally they were a bit merciful, and did not hurl anything worse than gibes and jeers, but, generally speaking, they confined their attention to stones and sticks. Day after day we came into collision with them.

One day the Chartists seemed to have vanished mysteriously, and only two or three police were left to guard the Green. The Chartists had waited till we were so much reduced in numbers that they could swamp us off the Green, and they showed first-rate generalship in swooping on us in our weakened state. But we had been as artful as themselves, even before we learnt that they were going to attack us we hurried up our reinforcements. Included in our small band was what we called a "runner," one who could get over the ground quickly on his legs and raise the alarm that the Chartists were assembling.

A lot of policemen were always kept in reserve at the station. The business, by this time, was carried on pretty much as a little war is conducted, with this difference, that we had the very useful not to do more damage than we could help, wherens against an ordinary enemy all sorts of fatal measures could be adopted. When I look back on those dangerous days, one of the main things that strikes me is the wonderful toleration which was shown towards great bodies of misguided people who went the wrong way about doing the right thing.

The "runner" took on to the station, dodging the rioters at every turn, and as soon as he had given the alarm, out turned the tall-hatted, swallow-tailed reserves, and marched towards the Green. By the time they joined forces with us, the Chartists were giving us a thoroughly bad time. Stones were flying around us, and bludgeons were cracking on our stout head-dresses.

Time after time it seemed as if we should be swept away, and as if some of us would be beaten to death, while, as for the Chartists, they were tumbling and struggling all over the Green.

It was our trained strength against their wild, unorganized rushes, and our heavy truncheons against their sticks and stones and fists. In spite of all their furious rushes we got the better of them, and at last they broke and began to run away, with the policemen after them. They scurried across the Green and rushed like rabbits into the streets and houses, getting shelter where they could. In two ways; one the shelter of concealment, and the other that sort of hiding in which they could pelt us with stones as we tried to dislodge them.

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(Signed) Mme. JOSEPH LIRETTE.

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DAME FASHION'S DECREES

THE great Metropolitan stores certainly spare no pains or expense to make shopping attractive and comfortable for their patrons. One has a dainty four o'clock tea service free of charge in the ladies' parlor, while another provides afternoon concerts of exceptional artistic talent; and not only is this so but the aim of late years seems to be not alone to offer certain commodities for sale over the counters, but also, in so far as is possible, to aid the shopper in a selection of what is fashionable by exhibitions of the latest models and fabrics, so that no little educational value is attached to a visit to one of these leading emporiums where some such presentation is on view. The display of imported models from the leading Parisian houses shown on living figures serves as a practical demonstration of the latest style ideas and renders all familiar with the lines along which the best modistes are working, while exhibitions of seasonable fabrics keep them in touch with matters of the newest in materials and textiles.

An exhibition of spring dress stuffs was recently held at the Wanamaker Dress Goods Salons which will serve as an

Blue Silk Turban with White Aigrette

illustration of the many features of exceptional attractiveness presented at these displays, as well as the thought and care expended in rendering them of interest to all who are inquisitive in sartorial matters.

The Dress Salons are in themselves broad and spacious, and the fabrics displayed were draped and arranged on counters and small tables placed irregularly here and there so that one can wander at leisure in and out among the wealth of textiles displayed and examine any which take the fancy, while placards give the fabric name or the tint of some new color.

Beautiful rugs, mirrors and Louis chairs and sofas are scattered about; if you care to buy there is always some one to attend to you, or if your only object is to look you are privileged to wander about at will, while information is readily given if desired.

The materials presented include fabrics from all over the world, the newest French, German, English and American spring dress stuffs being shown.

Prominence was given to the silk-and-wool crepes and other materials of like combination which are fashionable this season and have captivated the French capital, while much care and artistic consideration was given the arrangement of the numerous soft, subdued color tones which were displayed in many beautiful gradations and subtle tone values.

* * *

The silk-and-wool fabrics, as has been said, were given much prominence at this exhibition, since, of the lighter weight materials, they are the most favored for early spring costumes this season. Some strikingly beautiful Parisian silk-and-wool crepes were shown which were deliciously soft and pliable to the touch, as well as being qualified to delight the eye. These crepes are both of a plain, if I may use the expression, and fancy surface; some, that is, showing only the usual crinkly effect of crepe, while others have certair fancy dots or patterns over this crepe surface as a back ground.

A stunning crepe of this order was shown in one of the soft, new "blonde" shades where the rich crepey silk surface had a woven pattern of somewhat indistinct nature resembling in design the branches of one of those thousand-year-old dwarf shrubs of China. The whole effect was exceedingly rich as well as delicate in nature. The crepes are very well spoken of for spring and summer wear; not only the silk-and-wool crepes, but also those of silk, silk and cotton, and cotton alone.

Silk-and-wool Aeolians in soft, woodsy greens, yellow tans, blues, coachman's drab, the blonde shades and black were given a favored place and are soft and beautiful, both in these charming subdued shades of the season and in the quality of the fabric itself, which is of the nature of a sheer cloth of silk-and-wool (or sometimes silk-and-cotton), woven in fine cord effect and having a light zephyr weight well adapted to the draped and caught-in modes of the day.

Silk-and-wool poplins are well represented, as they are one of the dress materials much featured this season by the leading modistes. Here are seen some really exquisite effects in the silken sheen of this weave combined with the delicate and beautiful shadings of the new colors—seventy-two being included in one make of this popular weave. There are several weights of this fabric, making it suitable for a variety of purposes, street suits, house gowns or elaborate and filmy evening toilettes.

Coleen, Dubleen and Arleen are some of the names by which these different weights are known, and the material ranges from 42 to 24 inches in width.

Silk-and-wool Henriettas show a beautiful high finish and light chiffon weight this season. Both these fabrics, the poplins and Henriettas, are by no means recent products of the weavers' looms. "Poplin" in itself is overwhelmingly reminiscent of our great grandmother's day, while Henrietta cloth was so named after Henrietta Marie, the queen of illtarred Charles I. of England. Silk warp Henriettas were first introduced, after that monarch's death, in 1660. This material is like a fine twilled cashmere, and is of lightweight and graceful draping qualities.

Silk-and-wool Bengalines are also included in the season's fashionable fabrics, as are silk-and-wool Ottomans, diagonals and serges.

* * *

The voiles are again returning to favor and some exceedingly attractive specimens of this sheer and beautiful, as well as serviceable fabric, are offered in all the dark and light pastel tones of the season. Voiles of silk, like filmy cobwebs, are provided for evening wear, while voiles or cotton are not much less attractive in a wide range or both plain and fancy weaves.

A beautiful sample of China blue diagonal voile of part silk was shown me, which was exceedingly rich in this new deep but soft shade of blue. China blue is, I believe, that shade of blue so much favored by the Chinese and often used by them as a foundation color for their gorgeously embroidered Manarin robes. It is a darkish blue of much richness and depth, yet soft and pastel in effect. It is quite unlike most blues we have become familiar with through fashionable usage, and to convey an idea of this color to anyone not acquainted with its use in Chinese art is difficult.

This blue is also very attractive in the open mesh nets offered for spring and summer wear. The meshes of the new nets are, as has been said, open in character, some of them being exceedingly coarse. These will doubtless make exceedingly chic and attractive costumes, however, for the summer board-walk or for wear at mountain hotels.

A very pretty pattern of this coarse, open net shows holes of a round nature rather than the familiar square or hexagonal shapes, and is of a silken sheen. Silk nets in all shades and subtle colorings are shown in finer meshes for transparent yokes, and sleeves in silk-and-wool or rather fabric costumes.

Satin Prunellas, piece dyed and with small dots of like tone scattered over the surface, are most attractive. In the new blonde shades these are specially light and suggestive of summer and its freshness.

We must not forget to make mention of the wonderful new line of shades shown in the light weight broadcloths for summer evening cape and wrap wear. These cloths were ranged together at one end of the Salons, and, as they hung in long graceful folds, they were suggestive of the delicate ashy shades of pastel sticks arranged side by side in an artist's box; one subtle shade passing through variations on itself to melt harmoniously into another color, which in turn was toned away into a third. Soft and delicate woodsy greens gave place to green tans, these blending to yellowish tints gave place to the blonde shades which passed to soft pinkness and opened the way for ashy rose tones, and lilacs, and the purples.

The color which seems to have the most marvelous variety of changes rung on it this season is green. The light evening broadcloths show some of the most beautiful shades in tones of creamy olive tinge, each differing from the other in some subtle rendering of the dyer's art.

The greenish-yellow tones are also wonderful, and when seen by daylight catch and hold the attention without inspiring one with any great desire to wear them, but when seen under the mellowing influence of artificial light—which seems to detract from them the almost crude yellowish tints, and render them soft—they are found to be ashy and extremely lovely. All these tints are very light in nature, green being also a tint which we are apt to see quite a lot of this season both in the realm of the evening fabrics and for daylight wear.

Some beautiful costume flannels in white, cream, and white with a narrow pin stripe of black or a pale color are extremely well liked for jaunty seaside suits. The washable Vigella flannels in costume weight are shown in a wide variety of these small stripes.

A very charming and novel idea was noticed in connection with this display of dress fabrics where, with some specimen of new goods, such as silk-and-wool crepe, aeolian or other fabric of a dressy nature, would be exhibited a parasol of a similar color made of fine lansdown. A beautiful coachman's drab silk crepe material but made up of lansdown. The effect is exceedingly charming and one which will doubtless find favor with many women, who value good taste in dressing. These parasols will, I believe, be made to order for any one desiring them to match a costume.

* * *

For the summer traveler, as well as for jaunty suits to put on in early spring, there are shown all the numberless varieties of homespun, tweed, hopsacking, and worsteds. These are flecked and mixed in nature, and range in tones from light cream grounds, touched with bits or nubs of tan, green or blue, to dark gray and black mixtures, suitable for wear for ocean travel or rough mountain climbing.

The hopsackings show heavy cross-weaves, loose and coarse and are especially jaunty in the yellowish tan shades and the soft greens.

The tweeds are rough unfinished fabrics of wool or of cotton-and-wool, and are usually woven of yarn of two or more shades, such as cream, tan, and green, tan and rose, etc., giving a soft, variegated appearance.

Diagonal homespuns are offered in many shades; some are made up of two colors, as a gray and a black, or a gray and a white alternating in each diagonal stripe. These are very good for summer suitings and are also spoken of as likely to continue as popular fall materials.

English basket suiting is another weave of a loose open nature which will—as will all these materials under this heading—make up into jaunty vacation suits of the Russian blouse, or the short-hipped jacket style. Navy blue is a favorite color in the heavy plain tone suitings, such as this English basket weave.

* * *

Indeed, so firm a hold has navy blue taken on the affections of those desiring a serviceable, as well as attractive suit coloring, that it has made for itself a place in that row of commodities labeled "staple." Last spring and summer

Embroidered Satin Evening Gown

seasons saw a very extensive wearing of this color, and the coming year promises to give nowing to an equal amount.

For the convenience of those looking for suitings or dress fabrics in navy blue, Wanamaker has given over a special section of the dress fabric department to the exclusive showing of this one color, in materials ranging from fine silk-and-wool crepes to heavy English or Scotch suitings.

AN ANT-EATING FOX

THE London Zoological Gardens have recently acquired a new animal which has never before been seen in captivity. This strange beast, which is described as an insect-eating fox, has been labelled by scientists with the awe-inspiring name of Otocyon megiotis. White ants ...re the particular food sought by the animal in its native haunts, but these being unavailable in London, bits of cooked meat and fowls' heads have been substituted. This specimen was presented to the Zoo by Mr. Doherty Holwell, who secured the animal in the Transvaal.

TALES FROM THE WONDERFUL WEST

NOW LASSIE

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Till we make brief an' hasty mention
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Golden West Washing Powder

'Twill save Ye Muckle Time an' Splatters
An' Ye May Tend to Other Matters
While Bonnie Bessie Does the Platters;
It Clanes the Things Sa' Aisily.
'Tis only a Shillin' the Three-Pun-Packet
An' Ye Mun See the Premiums—Lass.

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And Most Other Germ Skin Diseases.

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C.P.R. TIME-TABLE.

EAST BOUND.

No. 214	Passenger, daily.	1.35 a.m.
No. 236	Local Passenger, daily (except Sunday)	10.06 p.m.
No. 8	Soo-Portland, daily.	2.52 a.m.

WEST BOUND.

No. 213	Passenger, daily.	2.30 a.m.
No. 235	Local Passenger, daily (except Sunday)	12.05 p.m.
No. 7	Soo-Portland, daily.	4.00 a.m.

The Churches

ANGLICAN

ST. THEODORE'S CHURCH.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m. Evening Prayer, 7.30 p.m. Holy Communion, 11 a.m. first Sunday in each month and 8.30 a.m. on third Sunday in the month.

L.D.S.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS.—Sunday School at 10 a.m. every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p.m. Sunday evening service at 8 p.m. Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association, every Tuesday at 7.30 p.m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p.m.

PRESBYTERIAN.

KNOX CHURCH.—Morning Service, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 2.30 p.m. Bible Class, 3.30 p.m. Evening Service, 7.30 p.m. Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m.

Subscribe to The Free Press

Taber Free Press

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THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1910

The higher the flight the longer the drop.

Where there's a will you can make the way.

There is nothing like publicity to straighten out a secret tangle, or a defect.

Ain't it funny what a difference just a single ace makes.

Man was made to mourn, but some of the mourners I've met were on the penitent bench, the rest on the anxious seat.

The public memorial service in the Opera House was a credit to the city. The addresses were good, and the whole spirit of the meeting reflected the feeling of the people of Taber in their testimony to the loss of our late Sovereign King Edward the Seventh.

We beg to second the motion of our contemporary with regard to a public Library. We need one. That is apparent, but it is doubtful if at the present time one can be financed. There is another way in which a circulating library MIGHT be started. Form a club of say fifty members. Tax each one dollar. Buy fifty books. Then arrange the circle for rotation, hand out the books, allow four days to read them and then pass them on. Fine a delinquent ten cents a day for holding the books over time,—and there you are.

—o—o—

Where is Taber? The other day in Calgary a man asked me in the saddest kind of way the above question. I told him where it might be found on the railroad map, and after a full discussion of the merits of the case he offered the following: "If a business man, with as good a stock-in-trade as you have in your town and district, attempted to conduct his business with as little publicity as your town is doing, what would you call him, what would his banker term him, how would his friends speak of him? If he wouldn't be dubbed a behindhand, he should be called a fool." Now while it is not my intention to use the extreme terms my friend did, yet it is not only my opinion but that of every thinking man that we are falling away short of our duties and privileges in not giving our delightful little town the advertising it deserves.

This is the work of the Board of Trade, acting as the representative of the Council, and it is obvious that the Board of Aldermen appreciate their position in the matter.

—o—o—

"Room for the leper, room!" There is a spot leprotic in character, a festering sore on the body corporate of Taber and vicinity that must needs be subjected to heroic treatment. It is poisoning our prospects, hindering our advancement, and stunting our growth. Every day new people look it over, wonder at it, and label the district as they find this stain on our escutcheon. Taber deserves none of this and we don't propose to rest longer under the shameful ban of this evidence of illegitimate promotion. I refer to the Reliance proposition, mine and townsite. Two of the Calgary papers are open to me and at least one of the Winnipeg dailies, so that with the help of a willing pen and a fixed determination at least one steal will be laid open. I want Taber to help me. There is much to learn about this so that the details may be complete, but there is enough at hand already to place this promoter in the class where he belongs. I understand he is floating another such proposition a little further east. Now is the time to show up such promotion in their inception. It is the duty of every writer on public matters. The truth laid before the public is the best treatment for such adventurers, and adventures. No man has a right to label and libel a town and district with a disaster such as we unfortunately have at our doors. To investors, Taber is bigger and better than a fool promoter's dream, she demands the right to protect herself, and proposes to do so.

—o—o—

The Political Situation. The Hon. Alexander Rutherford has resigned and A. L. Sifton, who lately has occupied the position of Chief Justice of Alberta has been named as his successor. Before this paper goes to press the Cabinet of the Premier will be named, and the only interest immediate to us is the rumor that Archie McLean, our Archie, every body's Archie, is to be taken into the cabinet as Provincial Secretary.

The shift was expected. Indeed it should have come long ago. Rutherford might have known that his capacity to administer the affairs of this province had long since been discovered. The water can never rise above the fountain head and his occupancy of the premier's seat was a political miscalculation. Just the same the Hon. Alex was more of a statesman than a politician. He could have wiggled out of his unpleasant position if he had been a mere political trickster, but he chose to stay by his position, untenable as it was rather than resort to shift and subterfuge, which was gallant to say the least. The North should honor the Hon. Mr. Rutherford. He pulled the wires for that country. His re-distribution of seats to favor Edmonton and the north was a masterpiece, and yet in the irony of fate it was from the north that came the first blow on his armor. He who lives by the sword is apt to die by the sword, and Hon Alex's sword was ever unsheathed to do battle for his own. And so he drifts now into the oblivion that ever overtakes one who has failed in his intent. Requiscat in Pace.

Edmonton, or at least the younger element in that city has decided that the Hon. Chas. Cross shall have a seat in the new cabinet. Perhaps he will. If he does not his successor will find that Charlie Cross is a hard man to follow. His worst enemy—and they are as few as hen's teeth—will admit that he was the biggest man in the Rutherford Government, and by far the ablest fighter. His defence of the A. & G. W. contract was a masterpiece and placed him in the front ranks of parliamentary debaters, while his administration of the Legal Department of the Government was most able. The C.P.R. will breathe easier if he is deposed, and it is doubtful policy for the insurgents to follow up their temporary victory with a demand for his political life. Cushing has danced, and his hoochee koochee has pleased Herod, but when he demands Hon. Chas. Cross' head on a charger the applause dies down to a measly whisper.

Ability, backed up by the ambition and determination that Hon. Cross possesses, will ever be prominent, and the man recedes now to advance later on a thousand leagues further in the affairs of men. In the political shuffle a light may be dimmed but take it from one who knows the man as a personal friend, the present incandescence will develope into a national spot light and Hon. Charlie will be there with his smile, his serenity, and his suitable suggestion.

—o—o—

Something Awful. The patriotic Liberal soul of the Albertan is wounded—stabbed right to the quick. A letter has been written by a Calgary man in which he criticizes the new order of things at Edmonton. That any man should have the audacity to criticize the government—to take the stand of an insurgent—is simply awful. So the Albertan piles another column and a half on "the lid" and tries to bottle up the versatile W. J. Tregillus. who wrote the letter.

It is not by any argument that the Albertan dismisses the contentions of the writer. It is by the pooh-pooh method and the denial of everything.

The province is not machine ridden. Not a bit—the people had every opportunity to select their premier and say what his policy ought to be.

There were no machine methods in the firing of Rutherford and the elevation of the chief justice.

No, gentlemen, the lid is on. If necessary the Albertan will have another editorial twice as long to pile on it to make it stay down. The Albertan thinks there has been altogether too much criticism of the government lately. It must be stopped for there will be government printing to be given out presently and it should be dished out like charity. Charity is said to begin at home.—Calgary Herald.

Taber; Wake up. Think over your assets. Compare them with other towns. Where can your prospects be equalled? A city surrounded by industrial enterprises, by the best farming district in Alberta, and yet you are standing still, gazing, hoping, waiting for the day that may never come, that never will come unless you put some energy into your actions. Now is the time for a forward movement.

—o—o—

Off the track: A comet. It all goes to prove that even an astronomer is not infallible, or that a comet may take the siding or pass the semaphore without signalling. Nobody has seen this comet. We didn't even comb a few meteors out of its tail. What an awful bluff it put up, or rather its press agents put up for it. First the earth was to be hit and we were to be forever with the Lord. Then we were to be merely grazed and only a little skin knocked off. Then they veered around until the best or worst to be our share was a splendid illumination and a shower of meteors. At the last it appears, without a tail or at the best a closely docked one, with the glory of a star of the second magnitude, and every one has forgotten about it, of such little moment is Halley's comet that it is an apology I am making for writing of it at all. We all are more interested in the crops, and no wonder.

—o—o—

"Oft in the stilly night." The Band uniforms have arrived and will be distributed this week. On Friday night there will be a march out, and selections at intervals. It is up to the Council to build a band stand. On the square immediately west of the town hall there is ample room for a stand. Build one like Lethbridge Board of Trade and Stand and let our Board of enterprising citizens have the use of the space underneath. The proposition will pay, we've got to be like other people if we want recognition. The Band is worthy of it, and so is the Board of Trade. The former are offering their services gratis, which means considerable when one realizes the time they spend in practice.

The Board of Trade is doing its best under the unfavorable conditions that poverty ever induces. Now the angels could do no more, so that if the good fellows who occupy the seats of the mighty in Taber will only do their duty by these two organizations to say nothing of a dozen other wants we have—the populace will rise to call them blessed.

—o—o—

The Reaper and the Flower.

There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the Flowers that grow between.

The Reaper, who will come for us all, has taken from a home, husband, and two sweet children, one of the flowers that grew amid the grain. He stood waiting for long, for the vitality, hope and desire to live was strong, but at last it drooped, lower and lower, and then the Reaper came to make his claim. Mrs. Dr. Leech is dead. We grieve with the husband and the little orphans, we wonder at the loss, not fully appreciating it; but the Faith that moulds our hopes permits us to believe that she is not dead, but has merely passed over the river and now is resting quietly in the shade of the sheltering palms.

A Tribute to the memory of an old time friend by Percy Lapum Leach.

Myrtle Vivian Davidson, beloved wife of Dr. George Wesley Leech died at the family residence in Taber at midnight on the 27th May, 1910.

Mrs. Leech was the eldest daughter of the Late Honourable John Andrew Davidson and his wife Ellen Hamilton, and was born at Gladstone, Manitoba, June 19, 1890.

Mrs. Leech is survived by her sorrowing husband, their son George Vivian, aged 6, and their daughter Myrtle Ellen, aged 2, her mother, two sisters, Marie Maud (Mrs. Sydney Pugh, of Winnipeg) and Hazel, and her brother John A.

The deceased's father moved to Neepawa in the fall of 1881 and founded that progressive town of to-day. He was its first Mayor, (a position which he held for practically 16 years) es.ablished the first general mercantile business in that town and successfully floated, equipped and operated the first flour mill in the north west part of Manitoba, a marvellous achievement for those times and under the circumstances that existed (the machinery and boilers for this plant had to be brought up the Assiniboine River from Winnipeg to a point within 35 miles south of Neepawa and were then carted across the balance of the space by oxen.) Mr. Davidson, immediately on his arrival in Neepawa entered politics and through his untiring enthusiasm and great ability held for the Conservative Party the Provincial Constituency of Beautiful Plains practically from the inception of the Province until his demise in Nov. 1903. Mrs. Leech's father, upon the defeat of the Greenway Government in 1899 was called to the Manitoba Cabinet under the leadership of Hon. Hugh John MacDonald, K.C. as Provincial Treasurer, Railway Commissioner and Provincial Lands Commissioner, and to Mr. Davidson is due the wonderful railway policy of the Manitoba Government to-day, a policy that has been adopted throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion.

Mrs. Leech was educated in the High School at Neepawa and in the institutions of High Learning in Winnipeg. Dr. Leech, who was then practicing medicine in Neepawa, and the deceased were married Nov. 21, 1901 in Neepawa. In 1906 Mrs. Leech's health began to fail and the Doctor brought her west, hoping that the change of air and high altitude of British Columbia would be the cause of her complete recovery. Sad to relate the desired results did not materialize and although place after place was tried in the hope of still obtaining a betterment in her condition, the attempt was in vain, and in March, 1907, Dr. Leech brought his family here to live, and Mrs. Leech's condition gradually grew worse and worse until last fall she was confined to her bed entirely from which she never arose.

Although Dr. and Mrs. Leech have only lived in our midst three short years, they so won the kind and most sincere friendship and love, so deeply embedded their kindly personalities in the hearts of the residents of Taber and surrounding country that the very deepest and heartfelt sympathy goes out to Dr. Leech in this terrible and sad bereavement.

Congratulations.

Now it is the Hon. Archie McLean.

We all knew it was coming to him.

It does beat all, how Taber is being recognized, Give us a publicity agent and we can start the procession heading this way.

Hon. Archie will only have the red tape of an election to manipulate. Count D'Aubin of Reliance, might be brought out, as it is intimated that the people of that little town are anxious to have him in the Legislature, and will vote for him to a man. Wiser counsels, however, will without doubt prevail, and Hon. Archie will be returned by acclamation.

Now it appears that the Premier's brother, the Hon. Clifford Sifton advised against the acceptance of the onerous duties of government. Possibly before his term has closed the Hon. Premier will believe that Clifford was right.

Ottawa, May 25—The rumour is revived that if there are any king's birthday honors next month, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, minister of marine and fisheries, may be in the list of knighthoods in connection with his work on the Canadian naval programme and Franco-Canadian treaty.

When you are having an At Home or Social, let us provide you with Ice Cream and Cake for the event. The growing trade in this branch of our business demonstrates the fact of customers being satisfied and delighted.

Fresh Fruit
ALWAYS ON HAND.

The Taber Bakery
ORDERS RECEIVED FOR
TERRILL & CO., FLORISTS,
and will receive prompt attention.

OXFORD CAFE
(Late Imperial Restaurant)
Taber, Alta.
Under New Management From April 12th
JOE FONG - PROPRIETOR
CANDIES AND FRUITS
TOBACCOS AND CIGARS
VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS
Best Clean Help in the World

PALM THEATRE
Lessee and Manager—C. E. JUDSON
MOVING PICTURES
Every Night at 8 o'clock
CHANGE OF PROGRAMME EVERY NIGHT
Cash Prizes $2 and $1 Every Wednesday and Saturday Nights.
SAVE YOUR COUPONS FOR THE DRAWINGS
MATINEE
Every Saturday at 3 p.m.
10c and 15c

Owl Restaurant
Up-to-date Meals at all Hours
PRICES ON BILL OF FARE FOR MEALS
Barber Shop in Connection
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT
Hair tonic of all descriptions at reasonable prices
FIRST CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT
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We carry a complete stock of the best in
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Come and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere
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We handle nothing but high-class goods made by reliable firms. It is not necessary to tell you it is false economy to buy anything cheap in this line. The Best is the Cheapest.

WESTLAKE'S
Jewellery and Stationery Store

AUCTION SALE OF DOMINION LANDS.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that Auction Sales of Dominion Lands formerly reserved for Stock-Watering purposes will be held in the Province of Alberta as follows:—

Calgary, Tuesday, 5th July, 1910, at 10 A.M.
Nanton, Friday, 8th July, 1910, at 10 A.M.
Pincher Creek, Monday, 11th July, 1910, at 10 A.M.
Lethbridge, Wednesday, 13th July, 1910, at 10 A.M.

The Sales will be subject to the following terms and conditions:—

1. The Department reserves the right to withdraw any of the lands from the sale or to include any other lands therein.

2. Lands will be sold at an upset price of $3.00 per acre. All sales of areas of eighty acres or over will be subject to the performance of ordinary homestead duties as provided in the regulations, with the following exceptions:—

Any persons may be permitted to purchase, whether eligible to make homestead entry or not.

Residence must be performed on the land purchased except in a case where the purchaser holds a homestead, pre-emption, or purchased homestead, either patented or unpatented, lying alongside the land he buys, or separated therefrom only by a road allowance, in which case the residence duties may be performed while living on the homestead, pre-emption, or purchased homestead, as the case may be. When residence is so performed, however, the purchaser will be required to increase the area of breaking and cultivation on the lands so purchased in the same manner as required by a homesteader who performs residence in the vicinity of his homestead.

3. In no case will a larger area than one quarter-section be disposed of to one person.

4. The purchaser of any parcel of land will be required to pay the value of any improvements which may have been placed thereon prior to the time of sale. Such payment shall be made on demand.

5. The sale will only convey the surface rights, and will be subject to the usual reservations in favor of the Crown.

6. When any parcel offered is crossed by a highway or railway, the sale of such parcel shall be subject to the reservation of the land covered by such highway, or which may be required for the right of way or other purpose of the railway.

TERMS OF PAYMENT.

One-quarter of the purchase price shall be paid in cash at date of sale, and balance in three equal annual installments, with interest at the rate of five per cent per annum on the balance of the purchase money from time to time remaining unpaid.

Cheques will not be taken in payment unless marked "accepted" by the Bank on which they are drawn, and made payable at par at place of sale.

Lists of lands to be sold may be obtained on application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa, the Inspector of Ranches at Calgary, or to the Agent of Dominion Lands at Calgary or at Lethbridge.

W. W. CORY.
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Ottawa, 16th May, 1910.

CHOICE HOME GROWN SEED POTATOES for sale. 90 cents per bushel. Bancroft variety. The kind that always does well in dry farming. W. S. Johnson, Barnwell.

TEAM FOR SALE. Pair of all purpose mares, 1,300 lbs each. Well matched and well bred. W. S. Johnson, Barnwell.

SEE
Robert Johnson
GENERAL BLACKSMITH
—FOR—
Mine Work
Contracting & Jobbing
Carriage & Woodwork
Plow Work and Horseshoeing Specialties
BEHIND SCHOOLHOUSE
BARNWELL

News, Notes and Comments

Canada may send a contingent of soldiers to the coronation of King George V.

×

Earl Grey plans a trip overland to Hudson Bay this summer, leaving Winnipeg in July.

×

The Spanish police have unearthed a wide spread plot to assassinate King Manuel of Portugal and King Alfonso of Spain and other prominent people in these countries.

×

Wetaskiwin, Alta., May 25—Louis Goldman, a former butcher of Wetaskiwin, was shot yesterday by his father-in-law, Serene Amand. Goldman married Miss Amand about six months ago and the announcement of the wedding was clipped from a newspaper and sent to his wife in the old country. The girl's father heard about his previous marriage and he and Goldman had some difficulty also in a cattle deal. The two men began quarrelling and Goldman undertook to give the old man a horse whipping. He was dragged away by a man named Irish. Goldman went back to Amand again when he received two shots in the head and died shortly after.

Amand is under arrest.

×

How Farmers Can Practice Conservation.

Canada, being a nation of farmers, has to pay a very large seed bill each year. Last year our crops called for 33,000,000 bushels of seed grain—wheat, oats and barley, and we are constantly increasing our agricultural acreage. This being so, the economy of sowing good clean seed is at once apparent. The advantages to be derived from it are like the proceeds of a sum of money laid out at compound interest—they are cumulative in their effect and grow in ever increasing ratio. Some years ago a competition was carried on in some 450 places in Canada to see just what the actual results of using clean pure seed would be. If we reason from the results obtained from it, we find that our grain yield last year would have been increased by 190,000,000 bushels had clean vigorous seed been sowed on every acre under cultivation. Now, 190,000,000 bushels of grain would fill 1,500 miles of railway grain cars. It is such a large amount that it is hard for the mind to comprehend, but, at any rate, it goes to show that it would pay our farmers to be particular about the kind of seed they sow.

×

Coal Creek Hold-up.

Fernie, B.C., May 25.—The Coal Creek hold-up case was continued to-day. John Belanger, the man who held the guns on Quinney, and Baird turned King's evidence and gave a detailed story of Varlow and Babcock's alleged duplicity in the hold-up. There was nothing material in his evidence beyond what was given at the preliminary hearing, except the fact that out of the hold up money he gave $80 to Wilson, a C.P.R. brakeman, who has given evidence to the effect that he was asked to go in on the deal. Jas. McEvoy, a brakeman on the M.F. and M. railway, gave evidence as to being introduced to Varlow by Fred Belanger last summer and to Varlow asking him to go into the hold-up, but he refused. He was asked by Jno. Belanger to go in on January pay and February pay, but refused both times. He was subjected to a severe examination by W. R. Ross, who tried to prove that he had a hand in the deal.

Sensational evidence was given by chief of the city police, R. N. Clerke, who was on a visit to Ireland when the hold-up took place. After Fred Belanger had given evidence in the preliminary hearing, about April 6 or 7, one night when locking up the cells, Varlow had talked with him and said Belanger's evidence was lies. "He admitted to me having money, but he did not have a hand in it," said Clerke. Constable R. Bowen, who was acting chief when the arrests were made, gave evidence as to Varlow's admission to him on the way down to Coal Creek.

The defence started their case this afternoon. The first two witnesses put in the box were Roderick Dunlap and John Kitchener, both prisoners in another hold-up case. Both swore that John Belanger stated to them last Thursday that Fred Varlow was not in this, and that if he got Varlow sent down he would get off with a light sentence.

Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition.

The prize list of the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition for 1910 is being distributed. The copy to hand shows very fine work in the cover, the lower half of the title page being occupied with a photo engravure of "Revelentia's Heir," the champion Clydesdale stallion for Western Canada, whilst the reverse side is occupied by a shield surmounted with a bunch of maple leaves, containing the dates of the exhibition, which this year extend over ten days, July 13 to 23.

One of the features of the prize list this year is the announcing of the judges who will make the awards in the various classes, thus giving intending exhibitors the earliest possible opportunity to know who is to act in this capacity.

The premiums are most liberal. For instance, in Clydesdales a stallion could win $150, while a mare could take in the magnificent sum of $200, to say nothing of the medals and cups; and it is possible for a stud of Clydes of six to win $880 in cash, including teams in harness on the line.

This should be a banner year in the exhibit of the Scotch breed. Other breeds of horses are well provided for, possibly not so generously, whilst in Shorthorn cattle, with the two classes, one open and the other for only Western Canadian owned, should bring out a record entry in the red and roans, and Winnipeg fair will no doubt this year see its large exhibit of Poland China swine, as many of the breeders have promised entries for the new class provided for this American hog.

A large number of special prizes are offered by the various societies, private individuals, and firms, namely: Clydesdale Horse Society of Great Britain, two gold medals; Clydesdale Horse Society of Canada $225; Shire Horse Society of England, gold medal; P. B. Ross, Grenfell Sask., $25; Canadian Percheron Society, two silver cups, ten gold medals, and cash $50; Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd., $95; G. F. & J. Galt, $50; Winnipeg Business College, two silver cups; Suffolk Horse Society of England, silver medals Free Press, silver challenge cup; The English, Canadian and American Hackney Societies, six silver medals; Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, silver cup; Frost & Wood, Massey Harris, Cockshutt Plow Co.; Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association, $300; "Canadian Farm," Toronto, silver tea set; Canadian Hereford Association, $25; Canadian Pacific Railway, $388; Canadian Northern Railway, $288; Zermer Disinfectant Co., two silver trophies; Canadian Holstein Fresian Association, $100 and silver cup; Canadian Jersey Cattle Club, $25; Red Polled Cattle Society of England, gold medal; Empire Separator Co., $20 and Separator; American Oxford Down Record Association, $45; the Oxford Down Breeders' Association of England, $15; Dominion Swine Breeders' Association, $100; Western Packing Co. $25; J. Y. Griffin & Co. $25; all the Canadian poultry clubs; De Laval Separator Co., silver cup; A. E. Drenman, grain pickler; Steele Briggs Seed Co., $15; and F. W. Drewry, gold medal.

Funeral of Mrs. G. W. Leech, at Brandon.

The obsequies of the late Mrs. (Dr.) G. W. Leech, of Taber eldest daughter of the late Hon. John A. Davidson, took place on Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The service was held at the residence of R. E. A. Leech, Sixth Street, Brandon.

The funeral was private, only the immediate relatives and friends of deceased being present.

Rev. Wellington Bridgeman, of Portage la Prairie, conducted the service assisted by Rev. J. C. Switzer, of Brandon.

Among the floral tributes offered were those from the children, Mrs. Davidson and family, Neepawa, Mrs. Bowden, Mr. and Mrs. A. Campbell and Minnie Long, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. White, Mr. and Mrs. V. S. Kidd, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dobbs, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Ham. Beard, Masonic Fraternity, Taber, Mayor and Council, Taber, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Long, Lethbridge, Miss Noble, Lethbridge.

The deceased leaves to mourn her loss, her husband and two children, George Vivian, aged six, and Myrtle Ellen, aged two and a half; her mother, Mrs. J. A. Davidson; two sisters, Mrs. S. W. Pugh and Miss Hazel Davidson; and a brother, John A. Davidson.

Seasonable Suitable Stylish Suitings

The kind we have always offered, with possibly a little better value for the money than ever before.

Campbell THE LADIES' AND GENTS' CLOTHIERS. AND **Anderson**

What are you looking for?

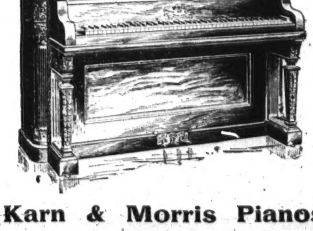
Oh, Furniture.

Try the new Furniture Store on Hough Street.

We have an entire new stock of Parlor Suites, Couches, Sideboards, China Cabinets, Buffets, Dressers and Stands, and many novel articles in furniture.

Also a large stock of Curtains, Linoleums, Rugs and Carpets. Exclusive Floorings and Designs.

Go Carts and Express Wagons. Singer Sewing Machines.



Karn & Morris Pianos

Call and see us as it is a pleasure for us to show you our goods.

Henderson Bros. & Ross

HOUGH STREET—TABER, ALTA.

SEALED LEAD PACKETS ONLY
native purity and garden freshness of

"SALADA"
TEA

16A

is preserved by the use of sealed lead packets.
— Black, Mixed and Natural Green, 40c, 50c, 60c and 70c per lb. —

Dye Your Clothes In the Sure Way.

DY-O-LA
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS.

Just Think of It! With the SAME Dye you can color ANY kind of cloth Perfectly—No chance of mistakes. All colors 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Sample Card and Booklet Free. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Dept. O., Montreal, Que

LEARN THE BARBER TRADE

Only eight weeks required. Free Tools

Positions secured at $14 to $20 per week.

Wonderful demand for barbers. Call or write for Free Illustrated Catalogue.

Call and see Canada's largest and finest Barber Shop.

MOLER BARBER COLLEGE
222 Pacific Ave. Winnipeg

RUSSELL
AUTOMOBILES
WE HAVE SECOND-HAND CARS
ALSO MOTOR SUNDRIES

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO
144 Princess St., Winnipeg

We Clean and Dye Clothes
For patrons extending from Toronto to the Yukon. Why not for you?
Modern Laundry and Dye Works Co.
Limited
309 Hargrave St. Winnipeg

Dr. Martel's Female Pills
SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD
Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

HUB (with irritation)—"Why is it that you women insist upon having the last word?"

Wifey (calmly)—"We don't. The only reason we get it is because we always have a dozen arguments left when you stupid men are all run out."

* * *

SENATOR TILLMAN became reminiscent one stormy day: "Yes, this is bad weather. It is nothing to London, though. Once, on a dripping water day in London, a sulphur-brown or pea-soup fog in the air, and everybody drenched to the skin, I sat on a bus top beside a Parsee in a red fez. When the Parsee got off, the driver of the bus, touching his hat with his whip, said to me: 'Would you mind tellin' me, sir, what sort o' chap that is?' 'He's a Parsee,' said I. 'An Indian, you know, a sun worshipper.' 'Worships the sun, does he, sir?' said the wet and shivering driver. 'I suppose he's come 'ere to 'ave a rest?'"

* * *

HIGH and low he searched for the bag of confetti he had brought home on the previous evening for his son and heir, but his efforts were not rewarded with success. Where on earth had he put it? What had become of it? With every minute he became more irate, till finally he rang for Bridget. "Bridget," he exclaimed testily, "did you see that bag of confetti I brought home last night for Freddie?" "Sure, an' Oi did, sorr!" brogued out Bridget. "But Oi didn't know it was only for Master Fred. There's but half av it left now." "Only half of it left?" he cried. "What on earth have you done with the rest?" "Cooked it, av coorse," retorted Bridget; "an' it's for yer own breakfast, with cream, ye had it this marnin'!"

Storyettes

IN the mayor's early days on the bench, a prisoner's counsel said, in the course of his speech: "Medical witnesses will testify that my unfortunate client is suffering from kleptomania, and your honor, you know what that is?" "Yes," said Judge Gaynor, "I do. It is a disease the people pay me to cure."

* * *

FATHER, what is meant by bankruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket, and let your creditors take your coat."

* * *

JOHNNY, what are you going to do when you grow up?"

"I'm goin' to run away an' be a pirate."

"Like Captain Kidd?"

"Shucks, naw! I'm goin' ter play wit' Pittsburg."

* * *

A STURDY Scotchman had been having a dispute with his wife, which resulted in his taking refuge under the bed. As she stood on guard with a good-sized stick in her hand, he called lustily from his retreat: "Ye can lamb me and ye can bate me, but ye canna break ma manly spirit. I'll na come out."

* * *

THE governor of a Western State was making inspection of certain State institutions, when he made inquiry as to the progress of a chaplain by him appointed to an insane asylum. "How is he getting on?" asked the governor, thinking to get an unprejudiced opinion from the official acting as his guide. "Fine!" exclaimed the man. "His preachin' is very successful, governor. The idiots enjoy it especially."

* * *

CARLYLE'S dictum, "Not on morality, but on cooking let us build our philosophy," is recalled by the following: "An aged aunt, though in the position of guest, protested against the appearance of a really noble rabbit pie on her nephew's breakfast table. It was not that she feared ptomaine poisoning. Her objections were ethical. Rabbits, she declared with a wonderful mid-Victorianism, were 'such immoral animals.'"

* * *

RICHARD A. BALLINGER, Secretary of the Interior, tells of his first law case which he had at Kankakee, Illinois. "I had hung out my shingle a good while before any client arrived," he said. "Finally, one came. He was a weak, meek being whom three determined women had wedded in rapid succession, and he was being tried for bigamy. As all of the wives appeared against him we lost the case, and he got a term of two years, but this did not seem to worry him—in fact, he seemed anxious for more. He was taken to the penitentiary, and just before his term ended I got a letter from him. 'Do you think,' the bigamist asked anxiously, 'it will be safe for me to come out?'"

* * *

TWO men asked two ladies to lunch-eon and entertained them royally at a restaurant in Paris. But when the luncheon was over they retired, and were not seen again. The landlord arrived and asked about his bill. Until the gentlemen returned and settled, he declared, the ladies must remain in pawn. The gentlmen showed no signs of returning. The bill for the royal entertainment amounted to 12 francs. One of the ladies had exactly ix francs upon her, paid up that amount and was released. The other had not a cent, and remained in pawn. But the landlord discovered that she was a married woman, the wife of a man who was not one of the two absconding entertainers, and he went to bring the husband. The latter arrived and said: "Hullo! What are you doing here?" "Madam is in pawn," explained the landlord. "In pawn! For how much?" "Six francs." "Too much! She's not worth it," said the husband; "good day." Thereupon the disparaging restaurant-keeper gave up all hope of his six francs and let the lady go.

OLD CHUM
Cigarettes

TEN FOR TEN CENTS

With the Horses

The fine weather that has been experienced for the past month is causing much activity in training camps, and reports from the popular schooling tracks are that trainers are already beginning "the grand 'prep.'" Should this favorable brand of weather prevail throughout spring, allowing now and then a dash of rain for the general good, many horses would be in racing form by May 15. Of course, this is quite unlikely, as there is a very truthful saying used by the most reliable forecasters that "We'll get our share of bad weather some time, early or late."

The fact is borne to the observer that there are very few early meetings announced thus far. Prior to July, there are but comparatively few meetings in prospect, gauged at least by the announcements of racing dates. Early meetings have met with much discouragement of late years through lack of entries, and many June meetings have been killed off because there was a scarcity of racing material to patronize their classes. To this fact is undoubtedly due the lack of June announcements, for associations must have encouragement in the way of a fair entry list in order to get back a revenue that will bring them out near even on their venture.

Apropos of this subject comes the indisputable fact that associations have in the main dealt liberally with campaigning horsemen and have promoted their meetings with, at best, hope only for an even break as concerns financial returns. Many meetings have been carried out under the most discouraging conditions, where the prospect for avoiding loss was hopeless. By breaking faith with their clientage they might easily have avoided this result, but in nearly every case the meetings have been carried out. Horsemen in making up their dates would do well to remember these cases where associations' obligations have been kept. In patronizing such associations owners will not only be paying tribute to past loyalty, but will also secure themselves against disappointment.

It is apparent that horses will go into training at an earlier period than usual. In fact, a great many are already undergoing the primary education. Despite the average trainer's tendency to go slow with his horses, it would be a safe prophecy that the early meetings will be liberally patronized should this season prove an exception to the rule late years have established.

* * *

Contrary to expectations, it is now said that The Wolverine (2), 2.13¾, will be raced this year after a short stud season. Roy Miller is now in charge of the speed department at Dromore Farm, where this fast young stallion claims his home, and as he is a past master at the training game, the son of Peter the Great ought to prove a remarkable trotter in his four-year-old form. In fact, it was only the worst kind of racing luck that kept The Wolverine from taking a low race record last fall. Repeatedly he demonstrated his ability to shade the 2.10 mark, and in the great futurity at Lexington he was credited [illegible] with trotting the most consistent race of the bunch. While this young stallion will be bred to but a few mares this year, Barongale, 2.11¼, will be in the stud at Dromore as usual. The young Barongales are credited with knowing nothing but trot, and in Miller's string will be several two-year-olds of which much is confidently expected.

Barongale will, if he becomes the great sire that now seems assured to be his eventual fate, be only following the grand speed inheritance that is his. His sire, Baronmore, 2.14¾, was a high class race horse and possessed much more speed than his record indicated. His dam, Nightingale, 2.10½, was a famous race mare and in the early nineties, by the gamest sort of racing, established a reputation that will live as long as turf history shall be made. Mabel, Barongale's second dam, produced Greyeous, 2.02½, whose racing career stands unequaled in all history.

* * *

The season of the breeding theorist is drawing to a close. When winter enchains all outside activities the various notions of humanity may easily find a respectable audience. The average horseman will compare in intelligence with representatives of any vocation. Success in his enterprise compels intelligent action, and no merchant ever studies his business closer than does the average breeder. And no more reasonable individual exists. The ordinary mortal makes his daily news medium conform to his views on politics, religion, etc. That is, he reads only the paper that promulgates his theories on various questions, or as nearly so as it may possibly conform.

Not so the breeder; he reads to learn. It is palpably true that a majority of horsemen hold views not strictly in accordance with their favorite journal on all turf matters. But their eagerness to keep abreast of the times, and to succeed in their business turns them to horse literature that educates and aids in their success.

The intelligent horsemen—which includes all of them—will turn from the fierce pencil battles that have been waged during the off season, to more strenuous occupations, now that spring seems fairly established. It would be interesting to know just how many are influenced in future operations by the arguments for "developed ancestry," and the other breeding theories that have been so ably conducted. One theory, at least, will find many followers. Old as the hills in the whole scheme of creation things, the notion that "like produces like" is bound to come as near bringing good results as any complicated theory advanced by specialists in the profession. No theory may be expected to prove true in every instance, but speed and individuality both are transmitted as infallibly as are the choicest qualities in anything of the plant or animal kingdom.

It will be noticed that records attest the speed of the vast majority of the stallions advertised for service. Also, their ancestry is productive of the magical characters that are indicative of turf celebrity. With this class of stallions, breeders will make no mistake in mating their mares. Splendid individuality invariably follows, as is proverbial with the higher bred trotter, and the breeder is assured, or as much so as he may ever hope to be, that the best results will follow his patronage of this class.

STIRLING

IN SUNNY SOUTHERN ALBERTA

The flow of gas struck at Stirling continues to be the all important theme of conversation. Sales are being put through every day and a number of industries are inquiring about locating at Stirling. That this flow of

Gas at Stirling

it attracting wide-spread interest is evidenced from the following telegrams just received at this office:—

"Two men arrived yesterday representing large capitalists, to drill for large gas well. Many settlers arriving daily."

And this,—

"Twenty-five to thirty stopping at hotel every night. Six more dwellings needed immediately. Things booming."

Stirling is having a phenomenal growth. In addition to having the flow of gas, it is situated in the centre of the best wheat-growing district in the world—the district that grows 60 bushels to the acre. One crop pays for the land.

A despatch from Washington states:

"Professor George Severance, Agronomist, and formerly head of the Agricultural Department of Washington State College, has gone to STIRLING, Alberta, to take charge as general superintendent of five big farms, comprising 26,602 acres, belonging to five independent companies. In an interview Professor Severance stated, 'Work has already commenced on 3,000 acres under contract. Our tracts are distinctly dry farming land. The precipitation runs from 17 to 18 inches. These farms occupy a great plain south of STIRLING. As the ground is broken and planted to crops the working force will be increased until a total of about 1,000 men are EMPLOYED THE YEAR ROUND.'"

You can Buy Lots to-day at from $75 to $300

Registered Plan "STIRLING 4347Y"

$10 CASH A MONTH

Torrens Title

Send for maps, plans and views of Stirling. By sending the initial payment of $10 for each lot wanted you may have us allot those closest in for you, with privilege of changing to any unsold when you get the plans.

Stirling Townsite Syndicate
Union Bank Bldg., Winnipeg, and Stirling, Alberta

Use following form:

C. L. FISHER, Manager,
Stirling Townsite Syndicate,
Union Bank Building,
Winnipeg.

Gentlemen,—

Enclosed you will find $.....being cash payment on.....lots in the townsite of Stirling (Registered Plan 4347 Y), and I hereby agree to pay the balance at the rate of $10 a month on each lot. Kindly allot me those closest in till I get the plans, when I am to have the privilege of changing to any unsold if I wish.

Kindly send plans, maps and views of Stirling by return mail.

Name.....

Address.....

THE BUCK-EYE

VOL. 1 WEEKLY EDITION No. 25

The Chicken-Hearted Ebenezer

EVELINA'S EYES of brown
Flickered with disdain,
"Ebenezer Hodge," she said,
"Gives me such a pain.
Yes, he HAS a nice moustache,
Twisted simply grand.
What of that? The silly goat
Hasn't any sand.

"When a crowd of boys and girls
Meet at ball or party,
Ebenezer laughs and jokes
Wonderful and hearty.
And he plays the clarinet
In the village band.
What of that? The stupid thing
Hasn't any sand.

"Friday last I went to church,
Half a mile or more.
Practice night, and dark as ink,
How the wind did roar!
Mud? The pathway was a fright.
I could scarcely stand.
'Tis a blue clay road, you see,
Hasn't any sand.

"Ebenezer is a tenor,
Blushed when I came in,
Said, 'How are ye, Evelina,'
Wore a silly grin.
Really it is most astounding,
Cannot understand
Why some fellows in the country
Haven't any sand.

"When the practice was concluded
And we came outside.
It was darker still, more windy,
Ebenezer shied,
Never asked if he could help me
Reach my promised land.
Hung around and simply rubbered.
—— Not a grain of sand.

"So alone I tramped the side-road,
Slipping on the clay.
Now I haven't any rubbers,
Left them on the way.
Ebenezer may be useful
In the village band.
What of that? The stupid fellow
Hasn't any sand."

In addition to his lack of sand, Ebenezer was a dough-head, a mutt. He didn't know enough to come in when it rains. He lacked the brains and energy to seize opportunity by the elbow—or the waist—and make it his.

So it is with the people who have never smoked BUCK-EYES. They don't know what they miss.

P. S.—Don't Be an Ebenezer; Smoke a BUCK-EYE

Malo-Mahon Lumber Co.

TABER

A New Stock of Selected Lumber. Everything up to the hour of need. Fair prices and prompt delivery.

A new firm, out for business, doing business, and looking for your trade.

Malo-Mahon Lumber Co., Taber

Choice Farm Lands. City Property.
Money to Loan. Fire & Life Insurance.
Owner of unsold portion of Townsite South of Railway.

BEFORE PURCHASING, SEE OR WRITE

G. C. MILLAR - Taber, Alta.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

Malo-Mahon have completed the fencing of their yard.

Born.—To Mr. and Mrs. W. Pearson, on May 23rd, a son.

Born,—To Mr. and Mrs. F. Whittlesea, on May 24th, a son.

MARRIED.—In Christ Church, Vancouver, B.C., by the Rev. Mr. Jackson on May 17th, Reginald M. Lane and Maud Abbott, late of Taber.

The trench digger has got down where we slaves of trade can keep our eyes on it. Just about now the men who are working it will have all the advice they need.

On Saturday, Mr. J. B. Jett, while unhitching a team, received injuries to the head and arm, from a kick by one of the horses, which became startled, afterwards running away. Mr. Jett has now almost entirely recovered.

One of our good citizens is going to hop out some of these days in June—in the mating season. He has a far-away look in his eyes, and a quiet little Irish chuckle that sounds something like a call to arms, and something like a caress. Then last week he had his suit case in the window, all packed and ready. Well, so long, friend; see you later.

We own and have for sale at right prices more than 30 sections of choice land lying to the southeast of Taber and south of Grassy Lake. Always in the market for good wholesale tracts from owners. Write ATLANTIC-PACIFIC LAND SYNDICATE, head office, Minneapolis, or call main field office, 2nd Floor, Alberta Block, Lethbridge.

The opportunity offers for ten men and teams to accompany the Field Battery of Lethbridge, Major Stewart commanding, to camp this year. The pay is $2.50 per day for man and team, everything found. Harness, oats, hay, clothing and grub-pile for the men.

The Battery leaves by special train, June 14th and returns on evening of the 26th.

The dance given by the Taber Orchestra and the Hon. John Shirts in the Opera House was a decided success. There were just enough couples on the floor to make the going good, and the music was up to the standard. This little orchestra is to be congratulated. Good dance music is always played and a liberal programme is provided. No one need lack for time enough to make himself square with his partner when Mons. Sundal and his team mates are playing. Then the floor is excellent, none better. The Hon. John and I may differ on the merits of comedy drama, but we agree on believing that there is no better place in Alberta to step the light fantastic than the Taber Opera House.

Miss Pearl Bryant of Grassy Lake visited Taber this week.

The Reliance Mine paid a dividend. New auto in Grassy Lake.

The tennis courts are being used this year more than ever before.

We have added two more to the staff of the Free Press, both eligible.

The boring operations to exploit for gas will commence very shortly.

The Palm Theatre is putting on a good line of pictures this week and have had exceptionally full houses.

We have had 'steen different kinds of weather this week, and none of the samples are exactly what we want.

The 25th Field Battery of Lethbridge is hoping for more recruits from Taber. Major Stewart is in command.

Contractor Wildman is the busy man these days. The new school excavation is under way as well as several other undertakings.

Reports from the farming districts are that the crops so far have not suffered from lack of rain, but that the dearth of moisture makes breaking almost impossible.

Tom Underwood of Grassy Lake has given over possession of his hotel, and is moving his family into Lethbridge. Tom belongs to the class of public hosts that is all too small in the west.

The mines are working at about one-third their winter staff which is exceptional at this time of the year. The demand for Taber coal at present indicates a strenuous year in this industry.

While we ever object to police reports, and will never publish them, yet to the credit of this little city be it said that the report of the Chief for May contains an almost unbelievable small number of convictions.

General meeting of the Board of Trade in the Council Hall on Friday night. As the business at this meeting will be the most important of the season, a full attendance is requested. The Council has not decided on the amount they propose to grant to the Board, but in any event it is desirous of helping with the salary of a publicity agent.

Taber is to celebrate again this July 1st. Like the chick-a-dees we go bonny every year and this is to be no exception. An emergency meeting of the Board of Trade was held on Monday night and general executive and working committees were appointed to carry the Dominion Day celebration to a successful issue. This effort is to exceed all others, and although last year's was marked for completeness, the committee hope to beat even that. There will be a fuller announcement of the programme in next weeks issue of this paper, after the meeting of the general executive.

Alberta Provincial Exhibition.

The Provincial Exhibition to be held at Calgary June 30th to July 7th is going to excel any previous effort made in Canada West of Winnipeg. Some of the prominent features will be:—

A mechanical milking machine demonstration with instructive lectures.

An acre yield competition in which all the grain grown on an acre must be shown, and for which practically $1,000 is offered in prizes. This feature promises to be a great success.

An exhibit showing the different grades of commercial steers.

An exhibit illustrating the process of grading up by the use of purebred stallion.

Actual forestry demonstration by the Dominion Tree Planting Division on a large plot on the grounds.

An art and china loan exhibit composed of the best pictures and china from the homes of residents of Western Canada. Many families have articles of great value brought from their former homes, and you will be surprised at the magnificence of the display. If you have any article of merit that you are willing to exhibit, the manager of the exhibition will appreciate it if you will let him know.

All freight rates are refunded on exhibits originating in Alberta.

The best music and attractions that can be secured, including the famous Navassar Ladies' Band.

Entries for the exhibition will close June 18th at Calgary.

Make up a party of your friends and enjoy a grand holiday.

Where the carcass is there will the Buzzard-heads be gathered.

The Advertiser has had us dead and revived once more. This time they credit us with more than nine lives. Possibly we are hard to kill. If wishing would kill we'd be stinking by this time, wouldn't we Old Socks? There is a thing the public does not understand. Whence came this last edition of the Advertiser, with half of the paper Free Press and the other half Advertiser? Have there been graveyard ghouls about? Have the students been dissecting stiffs? Who stole the coppers off the dead man's eyes?

Town Council

There were four members present last night, the Mayor, and Aldermen Mitchell, Smith, and VanOrman.

The city engineer presented his street plans.

The delegation from the Board of Trade who presented the petition from that body to the Council was kindly received.

Alderman VanOrman spoke at length in favor of a grant, Mayor Douglas delivered a bonquet of suggestions, Alderman Mitchell looked agreeable, and so did Alderman Smith.

President Anderson made the most of his subject, and his accomplice in the conspiracy asked for $1,000 of a grant.

The Board of Trade will have a paid Secretary. That is assured. The Council will help his salary. That also is assured.

Alderman VanOrman is a good friend to the Board. Being a member of both organizations he understands, and he is always using his influence in a good cause. He is chairman of the executive of the Sports Committee, and assumes his duties on Friday night.

The different Committees at work on the celebration have the following for Chairmen:

Financial—Mr. Leck, Mgr. Bank of Hamilton.

Grounds and Refreshments—Mr. Russell, Pioneer Lumber Co.

Amusements—Mr. Ewing, Eastern Townships Bank.

Sports—Alderman Mitchell.

Advertising—H. G. Lake, Editor Free Press.

Eastern Townships Bank.

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND NO. 110.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after the second day of July next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th inst., both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,

J. MACKINNON,
General Manager.

Sherbrooke, May 31st, 1910.

Read the advertisements in the Taber Free Press. These advertisers are alive, and what they have to say is worth reading.

TABER

Will Hold Its Second Annual

CELEBRATION

On Dominion Day, July 1st.

Wait for it
Prepare for it
Come to it

BIG MONEY PRIZES

Will Be Offered For

Bucking and Roping Contests

And Various Other Features.

WATCH FOR THE BIG POSTERS.

Percy Lapum Leach, Sec.

When I tell you that the class of Dentistry we do in THE BIG DENTAL OFFICE is the best possible

Believe Me

Here are my qualifications:—

Graduate Royal College Dental Surgeons.
" New York School Dental Science.
Post Grad. Chicago Post Grad. School.
" " Kerin's Dental Lab., Toronto.
" " Portland Dental School.
" " Seattle Dental Post Grad. School.

With Eighteen Years' Practice in Toronto, Edmonton, and Calgary.

Dr. Herbert Lake

AUNT MARTHA'S ... ON ... oons were ... ood price. ... waited for ... The food ... n at the ... evening ... atched. ... asleep ... garden freshness

The Part They Played In the Life of Peggy and Dick.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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The Merritts' wedding presents had been very plain and practical. They had few rich friends, and their relatives had confined themselves to furniture and useful articles for the small flat. Peggy's girl companions had given her centerpieces and lingerie, and Dick's office colleagues had clubbed together and had presented a cut glass punch bowl.

But Aunt Judith gave silver spoons, heavy, solid and richly chased.

"I think it was lovely of her," said the little wife as she set her own table for the first time. "A little good silver is such a help. Some day we will buy forks and knives to match, won't we, Dicky, boy?"

"Sure," said Dick easily. "They've got to appreciate me at the office soon. I won't let them grind me down this way always."

But a raise in salary was slow in coming. Dick's worth was evidently not as apparent to his employers as to himself, and gradually the furniture and carpets began to grow shabby, and the silver spoons were still the only sign of elegance in the Merritts' home. Peggy polished them every day.

"You see," she told Aunt Judith, who came from her little home town to visit them, "we don't seem really poor when we can sip our tea from shining silver."

"It is you who brighten things up," said Aunt Judith, "you with your cheerful face."

"Oh"—suddenly Peggy's voice broke and her eyes filled—"oh, Aunt Judith, you don't know how hard it is to smile sometimes."

"Why, child"—there was consternation in the old lady's tone—"aren't you happy?"

"It's on account of Dick. Things aren't going right with him at the office. They don't seem to get on with him or he doesn't with them, and he gets blue, and it isn't easy for me to cheer him up."

"I see," said shrewd Aunt Judith, and that night she asked the young husband, "How are things at the office?"

"Rotten," was the illuminating reply. "They promised to give me a raise a year ago, but they haven't done it."

"Why not?" asked Aunt Judith.

"They don't appreciate me," Dick flung out.

"Perhaps," Aunt Judith began and then stopped. "I am not going to help him out," was her mental comment. "He has his own lesson to learn."

But Aunt Judith did not realize that while Dick was learning his lesson Peggy must suffer.

"He thinks too much of himself," was her further thought as the days went on. "I'll let him work hard until some of the conceit is taken out of him."

And with that she packed her bag and went back to her little home town.

Dick was not made of stern stuff, and as the days went by the clouds on his face grew darker and darker, and at last he came home early one afternoon and threw himself heavily into the chair.

"Well, I'm out of a job," he said as Peggy crossed the room to welcome him.

"Dick!" Her voice came tremulously. "They said they didn't want me any more; that I wasn't any good. And it's the truth. I am not any good, Peggy."

She knelt down beside him. "You are the dearest thing in the world to me, Richard," she said, and her arms went around his neck.

For a moment he let them stay there; then he flung them off. "You'll begin to see how worthless I am after a time," he said. "I'm no good, Peggy. A man who can't keep his job and support his wife might as well be dead."

Then as he saw the sick horror in her face he gathered her into his arms. "I didn't mean just that," he murmured, "but I don't know what has got into me. I can't see things right any more."

After that Dick's days were spent in search of work and Peggy's in sewing on little white garments which she made from her own wedding lingerie. She had not written to Aunt Judith of the bad state of affairs, and there was no one else, for Peggy was an orphan, and so was Dick.

The month became so scant in substance that at last Dick said: "It's hardly worth while to serve boiled potatoes with silver spoons, is it, Peggy? You'd better let me pawn them and pay the rent."

"Oh, no!" Peggy's hand was over her heart. "Oh, no!"

"Well, the first thing you know we'll be set out in the street."

Then into Peggy's face had come something that Dick had never seen before—a white look of contempt.

"If I were a man," she said slowly, "I would break stones on the road rather than not be able to support my wife."

For a moment Dick stared at her; then he flung himself out of the room.

After he had gone Peggy cried hopelessly. But at last she wiped her eyes, gathered up the silver spoons, and she, too, went out.

When she came back she had the money for the rent and the materials

Old Men's Memories.

The late Sarah Orne Jewett lived a great part of her life in South Berwick, and the quaint Maine characters of her native town interested her profoundly.

Miss Jewett at the Mayflower club in Boston once illustrated aptly the unreliable quality of old people's memories.

"A young minister," she said, "born in South Berwick, was called in his maturity to one of the churches of the town. Everybody welcomed him. He had been away nearly thirty years, and the oldest inhabitant's welcome was the warmest of all.

"The oldest inhabitant, leaning on his stick, said in a high, tremulous voice to the young man:

"'And you're Master Johnny Greenough, Little Johnny Greenough! How time do fly! Why, it seems only yesterday I traipsed in to the courthouse to see your poor old grandfather hanged.'

"Everybody looked shocked. So there was a blot on the Greenough family 'scutcheon, eh? But the young man said calmly:

"'My good old friend, your memory is partly right and partly wrong. My grandfather was murdered, not hanged. It was two brothers of the name of Alden who paid the penalty of his murder.'

"'Well, that's what I said,' crowed the octogenarian. 'That's just what I said, ain't it?'"—Exchange.

Ants Are Six Eared.

In the matter of some of their sense organs the ants are more than ordinarily endowed. Strange as it may seem, each ant has at least six ears. Aside from this multiplicity of ears, they are located in just about the queerest place imaginable—on the legs. They seem deaf to all sounds made by the vibration of the air, but detect the slightest possible vibrations of solid material. This is supposed to be to enable them to tell that such things as approaching footsteps tell more of the possibility of danger than such sounds as are transmitted through the air. So sensitive are their feet that they detect the impact of a small bird shot dropped on the table from a height of about six inches and about fourteen feet distant from an artificial nest placed at the other end of the table.—St. Nicholas.

Nothing Common.

William had become engaged to a "very respectable" girl of "very respectable family" indeed, and he carefully kept from her the fact that one of his brothers had once been a boarder at his majesty's expense in the county jail. But, alas, a little bird carried the item one day to the young lady's devoted ears, and when next she met William his heart sank to his feet, for he instinctively knew that she knew.

"I have heard," said the lady stiffly, "that your brother has been in prison!"

"Yes, yes, I am sorry to say he has, Mary. But he wasn't in for anything common, not like getting drunk or fighting a policeman or sneaking things. No, John forged a check, he did!"—London Tit-Bits.

DANCES FOR CHILDREN

London Schools Have New Scheme of Physical Drills.

An important scheme of physical exercises for public elementary schools has been drawn up by the London Board of Education, and will shortly be issued in a syllabus. The exercises in this syllabus have been selected and arranged in appropriate progression, with a view to the production of the harmonious development of all parts of the body. They have been chosen as suitable for children of school age, and may be effectively carried out without the use of special apparatus. Exercises likely to prove injurious to children of weak physique have been excluded.

The board desire that all lessons in physical exercises in public elementary schools should be thoroughly enjoyed by the children. Indeed, freedom of movement and a certain degree of exhilaration are essentials of all true physical education. Hence, it has been thought well not only to modify some of the usual Swedish combinations in order to make the work less exacting, but to introduce games and dancing steps into many of the lessons.

The syllabus contains chapters giving directions to teachers, descriptions of the exercises, their order and progression, the arrangements of the class, and matters dealing with marching, running, jumping and breathing exercises. The exercises are arranged for children between the ages of 7 and 9, 9 and 11, and 11 and 14. There are also exercises for infants, and suggestions for a suitable dress for girls.

Some idea of the training which will be given to the child may be obtained from the following arrangement of exercises which, it is suggested, will be found for practical purposes to be the most convenient:

1. Introductory and breathing exercises.
2. Trunk bending backwards and forwards.
3. Arm bending and stretching.
4. Balance exercises.
5. Shoulder blade exercise.
6. Trunk turning and bending sideways.
7. Marching, running, jumping (including games).
8. Breathing exercises.

Games, as mentioned by Sir Robert Morant, have a place in the syllabus, and in a note on this part of the system, it is stated that the "recreative effect of games is always of great importance, as through them so much can be done to make the lives of children brighter, more joyful and less monotonous."

With regard to dancing, which "if properly taught is one of the most useful means of promoting a graceful carriage," it is not intended to teach ballroom dances, but Morris dances, country dances, reels and jigs.

EXPERT AT FENCE.

Miss M. Hall Is England's Ability to Champion.

Miss M. Hall is now England's champion woman fencer. In a recent tournament of thirty-nine contestants in London at the famous Sword Club

MISS M. HALL.

Miss Hall easily came out victorious over all her opponents, and after a hard day of fighting was awarded the title for Great Britain.

Miss Hall is considered by experts to be the most agile exponent of her art among women fencers in the world. She is a young woman and has every prospect of a long career in the first ranks of the ancient art of the sword.

He Is a Genuine Highland Chief.

King Edward is on his round of country house visits for shooting, writes a Londoner. The most interesting of all His Majesty's hosts, from every point of view, is The Mackintosh of Mackintosh, laird of Moy Hall, Scotland.

The Mackintosh's ancestry is like a page of Scottish chiefs, so closely connected is it with the history of Scotland in ancient days. The Mackintosh is one of the few genuine Highland chiefs of pure Celtic descent in the male line. His ancestry goes back to the invasion of Irish Scots from the north of Ireland, which destroyed the original inhabitants of the Highlands—the Picti, the Romans called them, because they painted their bodies—and altered the name of the whole country north of the Tyrd.

He is the chief of the Clan Chattan, which ruled for centuries over the greater part of Inverness-shire and Aberdeenshire, including the great forest of Badenoch. As befits his ancestry, The Mackintosh is very tall, with long, aquiline features and a drooping yellow moustache. He wears the kilt and sporran of his clan, a skenedhu (knife), a dirk and a Highland cap.

A Homing Bull.

A farmer of Wark, Northumberland, Eng., was astonished to find, on reaching home the other day, that a bull which he had sold at a neighboring market for eighteen guineas a few hours previously was back in its shed.

CANTON'S FLOATING SLUMS.

Poor of That Great Chinese City Live on Boats.

Stand beside the imperial custom house in Canton, China, and let the eye range down the river toward Hong Kong. As far as the sight can reach lie boats, boats and again boats, writes a correspondent. These are no ordinary craft, mere vessels of transport plying hither and thither, but the countless homes of myriad Chinese, in which millions have been born, have lived and died. They are the dwellings of the very poor, who live in them practically free from rent, taxes and the other burdens of the ordinary citizen.

The tankia (which means boat dwellers), as the denizens of these floating houses are called, form a sort of caste apart from the rest of the Cantonese. The shore dwellers regard them as belonging to a lower social order, and indeed they have many customs peculiar to themselves which mark them as a separate community.

How the swarming masses of them contrive to support existence is a mystery, but their chief mode of employment is in carrying merchandise and passengers from place to place. In some cases the daughters of the family go ashore to ply their industries, as do the girls of other countries; but the year's earnings of a Chinese factory girl would scare suffice to buy a single hat for her western sister.

Of course as against this low rate of pay the standard of living is correspondingly different.

The houses which make up these vast floating cities are of all sizes. Some are but 15 feet long. From these cramped dimensions, however, they range up to a length of 50 or 60 feet.

A boat large enough to accommodate a family of moderate size can be obtained for $20, and since the anchorage is free it is obvious that the tankia effect many savings impossible to the shore dweller.

Why They Like Iodoform.

"Train robbers, burglars, safe blowers, holdup men and, in fact, nearly all that class of professional criminals who resort to deeds of violence are greatly addicted to the use of iodoform," said a former California sheriff. "These fellows after committing some crime besprinkle their clothing liberally with the loud smelling fluid. They also pour it on their guns and leave another tools of their trade. The reason is that they often make hurried flights in which they are not infrequently trailed with bloodhounds. There is nothing a bloodhound hates worse than the scent of iodoform, and it has been repeatedly the cause of the dog abandoning pursuit of a fugitive malefactor. Knowing this crooks are liberal buyers of an article that may tend to cause their freedom from capture."

The Wise and Foolish Virgins.

It happened, however, the five foolish virgins were observed in their perplexity by five wise men.

"Permit me!" quoth each of these and stepped up and filled a virgin's lamp for her, adding, "Now, you just about need somebody to look out for you, don't you, eh?"

And upon the five foolish virgins, blushing violently and looking shyly down, the five wise men lost no time in procuring licenses, and they all lived happily ever after.

As for the wise virgins, they sniffed some when they heard the news, animadverted with considerable acerbity on the ancient mystery of the way of a man with a maid and let it go at that.

An Irrelevant Remark.

She was a slender and very pretty child, quite the belle of the class and the cause of many a heart flutter. It was in the course of a morning recitation a few days previous to the close of school that the teacher asked her if she could define an irrelevant remark.

"I can't just define it," she answered, "but I can give an example."

"Very well, give the example, please."

"Well, if I should be going through a dark hall and should meet Will White, and he should ask me the time, and I should say, 'My, but your nose is cold!' that would be an irrelevant remark."

Puzzled.

The other day a little red faced Irishman approached a postoffice which had three letter boxes outside. One was labeled "City," another "Domestic" and the third "Foreign." He looked at the three in turn, then, as a puzzled expression crossed his face, scratched his head.

"Faith," he was heard to mutter, "I don't know in which wan to put th' letther. Sure, Katie's a domestic, an' she lives in the city all right, an' she's a furiner too; but, begobs, how can th' thing go in both of the three holes at wance?"

Ages and Stage Life.

She entered upon her stage life at the age of fifteen and had attained phenomenal success at twenty. Ten years later she toured the States as a star. She was then twenty-three. Eight years after she left the glare of the footlights, married, got a divorce and returned to her old love at twenty-four. Notwithstanding the fact that her long career upon the boards (twenty-five years) has left its marks on her face she seems as ambitious and mindful as at head of her own company as she ever did. She is now twenty-eight.—Bohemian Magazine.

Well Turned.

An eminent lawyer was once cross-examining a clever woman, mother of the plaintiff in a breach of promise action, and was completely worsted in the encounter of wits. At the close, however, he turned to the jury and exclaimed: "You saw, gentlemen, that even I was but a child in her hands. What must my client have been?" By this adroit stroke he turned his failure into a success.

Electric Catfish.

African catfish have the power of discharging an electric shock sufficiently powerful to disable a man.

HYPOCRITES.

So-Called Christianized Heathen Mostly Plated Ware.

Although I was born in Shanghai, China, and have traveled extensively in the east I have never yet come across a truly Christian Chinaman, writes an Anglo-Indian in commenting on this important subject. I have, however, had frequent experience with so-called Christian East Indians. When I first went out to Burma some 25 years ago my uncle rather facetiously gave me for a "boy," or body servant, a Madrasse who was deaf and couldn't speak a word of English. This was disconcerting, but it made me learn the language quicker than I otherwise would have done. This "boy," I discovered, professed to be a Christian, and in that capacity on a contrariwise principle thought it right to lie to me prodigiously. He would overhaul my effects pretty thoroughly in the daytime when I was absent, but at last he gave himself away, for on my reaching home one day I found a piece of paper in one of my albums, on which was written in Hindustanee, "May the Lord have mercy on your soul!" As I wasn't taking any earthly chances I promptly discharged him.

On another occasion, and this is more to the point, I saw my uncle thrashing his gardener, also a professed Christian. I inquired the reason. "The beggar's getting a damned sight too fond of my wife!" was the answer. "I'll have to stop it for two or three months." In the end my relative, who was a barrister in high standing, declined to have a servant in his household who had not committed some crime in the calendar. He said they were a complete protection to him, and he was right. In fact, we often fought shy of a so-called Christianized native. We much preferred the "pukkah," that is, real article. The heathen would steal from you—that was of course expected—but he would take extremely good care that nobody else took a hand in the filching, whereas it was impossible to conjecture what a convert would be up to.

Some time ago I got into conversation with my Chinese laundryman. Did he go to Sunday school? A nod. "Nicee young ladee!" I had to smile. "Are you a Christian?" A Celestial smile on his side and a soft and sly "Notee yet!" No, and he never will be actually, not if he snips his queue a hundred times. To any one acquainted with the eastern temperament it seems a shame that girls should be asked in the churches, as they are, to become teachers in the Chinese Sunday school.

A Mean Man.

The fond young wife, dressed in her most becoming gown, with her hair arranged to set off her beautiful face perfectly, meets her husband at the door when he returns from his daily toil. She is solicitous as to his welfare; she just knows he is tired to death; she insists that he must put his slippers on and be comfortable. The dinner is composed of the things he likes most, and his wife chats merrily to him during the meal. It is the realization of his ideal of what a home and a home-coming should be. After dinner she leads the way to the cozy library, where his favorite chair is drawn up where he will get the best light; his favorite magazine is ready for him and some of his favorite cigars wait on the library table. Wifey perches herself on the arm of his chair, lights his cigar for him and is just about to say something when he looks up at her knowingly, takes a magazine from his pocket, opens it to an article explaining how best to broach the subject of a new hat to a husband and says, "I certainly enjoyed that dinner, but I read the program on the way home in the car."

Changed His Mind.

The guest gave his order at dinner time to his hotel waiter: "George, bring me some oysters on the half shell, some chicken soup, olives and radishes, and follow that with some planked shad. Then I will have some rare roast beef, Philadelphia capon, squab on toast, baked sweets, cauliflower and celery, and for dessert just a trifle of ice cream and cake, pie, cheese and a demitasse."

Just then his friend reminded him that that hotel was run on the European and not the American plan, whereupon he recalled the waiter and said: "George, I have changed my mind about that dinner. Bring me some corned beef hash and a glass of milk."

The Flea.

Oh, there's nothing quite so maddening as a pesky, crawling flea when the little cuss is hiding in spots you cannot see! There's nothing drives man and woman to the point where they will swear like this hopping, frisky critter when he's out upon a tear! We can stand the skeeter's humming round about our bed at night, but we break the Ten Commandments when the fleas begin to bite, and we can't conceive why Noah ever had the nerve to bark when Dame Nature first suggested saving two fleas in the ark!

Raids of the Tuareks.

It is their curious social life which forces the Tuareks, living in the Sahara desert, to make raids on caravans. The mother has all the rights over the children, and all the property is in the hands of the women. To marry a wife a Tuareg must pay a large sum to the bride and her mother, and the only way to get the necessary wealth is a successful raid, for the male Tuareg's ordinary occupation—camel farming and carrying loads for traders—gets him hardly enough profit to live by.

A Great Gift.

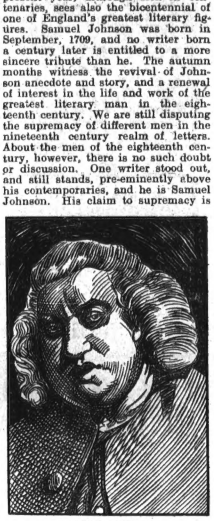
It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle, for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons or with the disorderly or with such as go contrary to us is a great grace and a most commendable and manly thing. —Thomas a Kempis.

IN HONOR OF JOHNSON

WORLD OF LETTERS CELEBRATES HIS BI-CENTENARY.

Great English Lexicographer and Subject of the Finest Biography the World Has Known Is Now Centre of Attention In Literary Circles—His Writings Are Passing, But His Personality Remains.

The present year is a year of centennial celebrations. We are trained to look back always a hundred years, and we reckon time's changes and the world's progress by centuries. The present year, although rich in centenaries, sees also the bicentennial of one of England's greatest literary figures. Samuel Johnson was born in September, 1709, and no writer born a century later is entitled to more sincere tribute than he. The autumn months witness the revival of Johnson anecdote and story, and a renewal of interest in the life and work of the greatest literary man in the eighteenth century. We are still disputing the supremacy of different men in the nineteenth century realm of letters. About the men of the eighteenth century, however, there is no such doubt or discussion. One writer stood out, and still stands, pre-eminently above his contemporaries, and he is Samuel Johnson. His claim to supremacy is



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

not questioned. He is of interest to us for many reasons, but chiefly because he was the literary dictator of his century; he was a representative man of letters, and he is the subject of one of the best biographies ever written.

In 1831 Lord Macaulay ended a review of a new edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson with these words: "The reputation of those writings which he probably expected to be immortal is every day fading, while those peculiarities of manner and that careless table talk the memory of which he probably thought would die with him are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken in any quarter of the globe." The concluding prophecy has been fulfilled; Johnson, the author, has been largely forgotten in Johnson the man, and those who this month celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of his birth will remember the details of his strange career and peculiarities of his manner, rather than the qualities of his work.

As an interesting and remarkable personality Johnson has no rival in the realm of letters. In his detailed "Life," Boswell tells of an old beggar woman who when asking an alms of the doctor described herself to him as "an old struggler." Johnson was visibly affected by her words. The phrase lingered in his memory and was often applied to himself. "I, too," he used to say, "am an old struggler." The description fitted him well, for no man in the history of letters had a more difficult voyage, or succeeded so well against contrary winds and adverse currents. He was born in Lichfield, in September, 1709. The place is famous for its memories; here Addison went to school for a time, and here, too, David Garrick was born.

Johnson's father was a poor bookseller with scanty fortune, but with strong mental and physical powers, deep Tory principles and hypochondriacal tendencies. The boy inherited much of his father's disposition and many of his traits. He was born with the taint of scrofula in his blood, and to the end of his days disease scarred and disfigured his features. In his old age he still had memories of a queenly lady in black who laid her hands gently upon him when he was a child; the lady was Queen Anne, to whom, in accordance with the superstition of the day, he was carried to be "touched" for the "evil." The touch, of course, was ineffectual, but the parents in their prejudice believed that the failure was due to the fact that the exiled Stuarts rather than Anne was the true Sovereign. The boy attended school until he was fifteen, and for two years he worked with his father at the bookseller's trade. He was proud and sensitive and he felt keenly the toil and penury of these business years.

After two years of idleness Michael Johnson went up to Oxford. Here his poverty was extreme, and he suffered in mind and body. He was ridiculed by his companions and he carried away no pleasant memories of his college life. It was one of the ironies of fate that, years later when he had won his spurs by his own efforts, the university that had despised him in his youth was pleased to confer upon him the doctor's degree. When he finally left Oxford, he kept a private school for a brief period. But his teaching was not a success; he never seems to have had more than three pupils; he went down to London to make his living by his pen—the first man in England to undertake such a task as a free lance. Success came to him slowly, but in the end he became the literary dictator of his age. He died in 1784.

THE QUESTION OF HOPPLES

There is hardly a breeder but what is anxious to see the hopple eliminated, in fact nearly all of the prominent trainers, that is those who race on the mile tracks are strong in their opposition to the strap.

The race managers of the mile tracks are nearly all opposed to them, and state that they wish to see them barred or else make classes solely for hopped pacers, but from those trainers who race almost exclusively over the half-mile tracks, and also from the half-mile track managers come a note of warning and protest against the rule barring the hopples. Race managers advance the claim that if the hopped horses are barred there will not be enough horses to race at their meetings, and that they will be compelled to cut down their purses or lose money on their racing programmes, while the half-mile track trainers put up the claim that the hopples makes a pacer in a few months' training, and that they can get a cheap horse ready to race and earn enough money quickly, but if hopples are barred it will not pay to spend six months or a year training a horse to race without them.

There are few people but what would like to see the hopples barred, and nearly every man you talk to will tell you that they are unsightly and dangerous, but whether they will be willing to stand by and support the National and American Associations in an effort to eliminate them remains to be seen. The strongest opposition to the enforcement of an anti-hopple rule is going to come from the half-mile track trainers and race managers, and these men make up the great majority, but whether they will take a stand against the rule only the future will develop.

The hopples should and will go, but both the parent associations should handle the question in a careful and conservative manner in order that everybody may get a fair deal in the matter, and that no injury be worked to either the breeding or racing interests. Those who are opposed to the hopples should use tolerance and moderation in their efforts to eliminate the strap, and those who do not want them barred should also remember that those breeders and horsemen who hold different views on the subject are sincerely trying to improve and build up the breeding and racing interests, and believe that the whole industry will be stimulated and built up if the use of hopples is stopped.

They tell us that there is no secret connected with breeding 2:10 trotters, but a lot of people spend a great deal of time and money trying to find out how to breed them.

They may bar the hopples, but it will be many, many years before a lot of pacers will stop "reefing" behind.

The man with a pet breeding theory is trying to prove that he is of more benefit to the trotting horse business than the fellow who sits back and laughs at the man with the theory.

You may convince a man that he is wrong on politics, and religion, but you never try to convince a fellow that he does not own the best bred stallion in his neighborhood.

There are a lot of things about horse racing which can be accounted for, but none has ever been able to successfully explain why the band always starts up just when the starting judge is on the point of announcing the result of a heat.

* * *

Anent the exaggeration of the abuse of the hopples, a good story is told of the great and only Splan, whose probability rise to the occasion has never been denied, whatever the occasion may have been. This particular incident occurred when Splan was a member of a group who were discussing various thrilling experiences they had met. Finally the conversation turned to what really caused the most fear in man's nature. One member dwelt upon the sickening dread that came from a pistol barrel leveled at a person's head and voiced his belief that man's fear reached the extreme in such a contingency. A carving knife in the hands of a lunatic was upheld by another as the proper method to sound the depths of human terror. Various other human implements of destruction had their following; so had the purely imaginative effect of ghostly dreams and unearthly visions of dark nights and lonesome graveyard scenes. Most of the arguments were backed up by claims of actual experiences and the discussion waxed warm and most vigorous.

Through it all, strange to relate, Splan remained silent, though attentive to all that was going on. Noticing his unusual quiet, one of the party turned and said, "John, what's the matter? Didn't you have any horrible experience?"

The eloquent one smiled a grim Spanlike smile, "Yes, gentlemen," he said, "I've had, I think, a pretty good share of thrilling incidents in my life, but I hesitated to inject my personal views into a controversy where everybody has expressed opinions. But if you ask my opinion, I'll give it. Now, I've stood at the muzzle end of a pistol, heard the deadly suggestive click as the hammer lifting, and seen the terribly earnest look that dwelt in the eyes of the man behind the gun. It causes a bad feeling, gentlemen. I have gazed with fearful terror into the demon eyes of the maniac with uplifted knife. I have been ghosts —myriads of them—in my waking and sleeping moments, and I can assure you that these visitors from Spiritland made most lasting impressions as well as terrifying ones. I have had personal acquaintance with each of the experiences you have related, and fully agreed with you that they are highly undesirable to anyone. But the most sickening fear that I ever experienced, and which I believe will remain so, though I live to be as old as Methuselah, was when a county fair judges' stand asked me to take the reins behind a hopped pacer in a desperate field of eighteen, all of them rigged in the same way."

To see what distance the hopple usage has gone, one has only to attend a few of these smaller meetings, and converse with those who depend upon the straps as a main developing factor. One breeder the writer has met not only depended upon them in his training operations, but applied them before his pacing candidates were broken. The young things that showed promise were equipped with the leg-gear while running in the pasture, the owners' theory being that this developed the pacing gait exclusively, and rendered extinct the tendency to break. Strange to relate the results proved quite favorable to the logic of this breeder.

AUTOMOBILES—COST OF UP-KEEP

That the motor car vocabulary is settling down to a sounder basis is shown by the Pennsylvania court ruling that a chauffeur is a hired operator of an automobile. The learned judge discarded the dictionary definition, that a chauffeur "is one who drives or operates an automobile," and took the meaning generally accepted among motorists. This is a sensible ruling, and one that will very likely be followed elsewhere.

Probably more men have been deterred from enjoying the pleasures of motoring because of uncertainty and fear of the cost of running a car and maintaining it than on account of the first cost of the machine itself. The cost of the car is a definite, fixed quantity ascertainable beforehand; the running, repair, and storage expenses are an obscure or unknown quantity, which might be represented by X. They may range anywhere from the minimum shown by testimonial letters published by automobile manufacturers to an amount equal to the cost of the car itself. The manager of one of the largest and best equipped garages in New York City asserts that, from his observation, it costs just about as much to keep and run a car a year in New York as the machine costs, whether it be a modest little runabout at $750 or a magnificent limousine at $7,500. But he views the situation in the light of a man accustomed to the garage prices charged in the Broadway section and the hire of high-priced chauffeurs.

There are ways and ways of doing things—even automobiling. One of the writer's friends, who is a keen, methodical business man, has applied his business methods to his motoring. He has taken great interest, first, in getting the best car he could for the least money, and then in running and keeping the machine as cheaply as possible consistent with the position it occupies in the community. It is a matter of pride to him, as an evidence of skill in driving, to get the greatest mileage per gallon of gasoline and the utmost wear out of the tires. His mechanical instincts cause him to consider it unpardonable to abuse the car by driving at high speed over very bad roads, overloading it with passengers and luggage on a long trip through hilly country, and doing "stunts" with it that good sense tells him impose unnecessary stresses upon the mechanism and tires that tend to break and wear.

He had never owned or driven a car before. He knew little more about automobiles than the average layman when he made his first purchase, but by very close lessons in driving it to learn to run it. Yet during the first eight months of possession he drove it 7,258 miles on an average fuel consumption of one gallon to sixteen miles, and at an average cost per mile of only five and seventeen hundredths cents, including all operation and maintenance expenses. Strict account was kept of every item, not omitting insurance against fire and theft, fines for exceeding the speed limits (entailed by his friends at the wheel, but paid for by the owner, who was riding as a passenger), and State license and city wheel tax for one year.

The machine is a five-passenger touring car that cost in the neighborhood of $1,000, but has proved equal to thirty miles an hour and a satisfactory hill-climber. A large part of the mileage was made on the boulevards of Chicago, but a considerable percentage was also made over country roads of all sorts in Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana. The owner has been unusually generous to friends and acquaintances with his car, taking them for drives in the evenings and for long runs on holidays and Sundays. He has even been known to drive his wife's washing home on a stormy night. Probably not less than half of the total mileage in the eight months was made with four or five passengers, so the actual average cost per passenger mile has been just about one and one-half cents.

The total cost for the 7,258 miles of automobiling (averaging the unusual record of 900 miles a month) during the first season of ownership was $375.60. The eight items of operation extended over the period from April 7th, when the car was delivered, to November 30th last. If the car had been put in "dead" storage for the winter, as is so often done, the expense for the eight months would represent practically the whole cost for a year, as all expenses cease during that time except the yearly charge for keeping the car under protection in idleness.

Some of the principal items in the season's expenses are: Gasoline, $70.72; washing and polishing, $61.50; garage storage, $38.85; two new tires and tire repairs, $48.80; miscellaneous repairs, $42.35; grease cups, oils, $24.80; oiling and greasing, $21.86; license and wheel tax, $22; fire and theft insurance for one year, $20; fines, $13.

By special arrangement with a garage close to the owner's residence in an apartment on the South Side in Chicago "live" storage costs $5 a month, and the owner pays $1.25 for having the car washed and polished every week, indeed and also pays for all other labor. "Gas," as gasoline is called for short by motorists, cost fifteen cents a gallon at first, but was finally increased to seventeen cents. The car was used quite regularly for driving down to business in the centre of the city, where it had to "creep along" every evening. Because of this extra storage is, however, omitted from the account, as is also the amount of the rather liberal fees paid to the engineers.

As for tires, which are generally considered a chief source of trouble and expense, two new casings were put on after the car had been run between 3,000 and 3,500 miles, and at the end of November were believed to be good for 1,500 or 2,000 miles more. One front and one rear casing were discarded after having been run more than 7,000 miles, one blowing out. As the tire manufacturers' guarantee is on the basis of 4,000 miles, which figures out at almost three cents per car mile for a set of 30x3 and 30x3½ inch tires, my friend is justified in feeling elated over his 7,000-mile record and his average car-mile expense for tires of only one and fifty-six one-hundredths cents.

MR. ROOSEVELT ON THE TREK

In Mr. Roosevelt's latest instalment of his African story in Scribner's we get a glimpse of the naturalist, the keen observer of men and nature, and the figure of the record-breaking hunter drops into the background as the writer tells of the work of the missionary and describes the sights and sounds of a 60-mile journey across the Thirst. A "thirst," we are reminded, is the Africander's name for any stretch of treeless country. In this occasion oxwagons were used to help the porters. Mr. Roosevelt describes a night march:

"Slowly the shadows lengthened; the light waned, the glare of the white, dusty plain was softened, and the bold outlines of the distant mountains grew dim. Just before nightfall we halted on the farther side of a dry watercourse. The safari came up singing and whistling, and the men put down their loads, lit fires, and with chatter and laughter prepared their food. The crossing was not good, the sides of the watercourse being steep; and each wagon was brought through by a double span, the whips cracking lustily as each came into view, to the shouts of the drivers, as the thirty oxen threw their weight into the yokes by which they were attached to the long tree trunk. The horses were fed. We had tea, with bread and cold meat—and a most delicious meal it was —and then lay dozing or talking beside the watch-fires. At half-past one the moon having risen, we were off again. The safari was still in high spirits, and started with the usual chanting and drumming.

We pushed steadily onward across the plain, the dust rising in clouds under the spectral moonlight. Sometimes we rode, sometimes we walked to ease our horses. The Southern Cross was directly ahead, not far above the horizon. Higher and higher rose tue moon, and brighter the flood of light. At intervals the shy barking call of zebras was heard on either hand. It was after midnight when we again halted. The porters were tired, and ceased to sing as they came up; the air was cool, almost nipping, and they at once huddled down in their blankets, some of them building fires. We, the white men, after seeing our horses staked out, each lay down in his overcoat or jacket and slicker, with his head on his saddle, and his rifle beside him, and had a little over two hours' sleep. At three we were off again, the shivering porters making no sound as they started; but once under way the more vigorous spirits speedily began a kind of intermittent chant, and most of the rest by degrees joined in the occasional grunt or hum that served as chorus.

For four hours we traveled steadily, first through the moonlight, and then through the reddening dawn. Jackals howled around us, and a lion once wailed and scolded as they circled round us."

Colonel Roosevelt also tells of a hunt, which ended in the killing of a great bull elephant. He was drawing on, and as the porters were staggering under their heavy load, progress was slow. About two miles from camp some one caught sight of the gleam from the fires from a Masai kraal, and thither the party turned their steps.

The kraal was in shape a big oval, with a thick wall of thorn bushes, eight feet high, the low huts standing just within this wall, while the cattle and sheep crowded a small bomas in the centre. The fires gleamed here and there within, and as we approached we heard the talking and laughing of men and women, and the lowing and bleating of the cattle, sheep, and flocks. We hailed loudly, explaining our needs. At first they were very suspicious. They told us we could not bring the lion within, because it would frighten the cattle, but after some parley consented to our building a fire outside, and skinning the animal. They passed two brands over the thorn fence, and we quickly kindled a blaze, and drew the lioness beside it. By this time the Masai were reassured, and a score of their warriors, followed by half a dozen women, came out through a small opening in the fence, and crowded close around the fire, with boisterous, noisy good humor. They were well enough to chaff with our porters. One, the humorist of the crowd, excited much merriment by describing, with pantomimic accompaniment of gestures, how when the white man shot a lion it might bite a swahili, who thereupon would call for his mother. But they were entirely friendly, and offered me calabashes of milk. The men were tall, finely shaped savages, their hair plastered with red mud, and drawn out into longish ringlets; they were naked except for a blanket worn round the loins, but over the shoulders; their ears as you please: 'No, my name's Polk; I'm a Mixed Pickle.' And then a dark fine looking lot of gals with yaller hair got off the train and joined 'em, and we found out that it was a theatre troupe playin' town hall in Smithville that night in a show called 'Polk's Mixed Pickles.' But they didn't do no business during conference, I tell ye.

"The parsons came on the next train. There's two trains a day at Smithville, Yer it's a big place. But after that when we see a feller in a silk hat and a white weskit we'd say: 'I wonder if he's a Preacher or a Pickle.'"

Uncle Henry very seldom discoursed on such genial topics in this manner, and Mrs. Jarr said:

"Uncle Henry, I know where you're going. You're going out with Mrs. Kittingly, upstairs. Suppose I write and tell Aunt Hetty?"

"Hetty would be riled, I suppose," said Uncle Henry, grinning, "but I could explain."

"I've no doubt you could!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Explaining is the easiest thing men do. But I'm surprised at you, Uncle Henry."

"Didn't ye interduce us?" asked Uncle Henry. "Now, don't you worry. I can take care of myself. I know what I'm doin'. Where's the stove polish? I want to shine my boots."

The stove polish was found, but Uncle Henry declared it wasn't the kind he'd been used to, and, to Mrs. Jarr's surprise, he went out to Tony, the boot-black on the corner, and paid for a shine.

Returning, he ascended to Mrs. Kittingly's apartments.

Mrs. Jarr, from a peeping place at the window, saw this strange pair turn the corner.

Mrs. Kittingly was arrayed as a lily of the field.

"Shall we go downtown on the cars?" asked Mrs. Kittingly, giving Uncle Henry a coquettish smile.

"Let's be sports," replied Uncle Henry; "there's one of them taxicabs."

The taxicab was hailed and the two proceeded to the theatre.

Mrs. Kittingly was surprised when she found the theatre Uncle Henry had directed the chauffeur to drive them to was one where a current success was holding the boards.

"I had to git the tickits at a hotel," said Uncle Henry, "and pay extry for them. But the best is none too good for a handsome woman like you."

After the play they proceeded to Mrs. Kittingly's choice of fine restaurants, where Uncle Henry displayed a most uncanny knowledge of what would please a grass widow's palate in the way of dinner and wine.

At the conclusion of the dinner he paid the check and tipped the waiter the proper percentage.

He then had a taxicab called and brought Mrs. Kittingly home in style.

His last words to Mrs. Kittingly were by way of caution

"Don't tell the Jarrs anything about this," he said. "What they don't know won't hurt 'em, and you know relations is. They want to work you for every cent they can."

The surprised Mrs. Kittingly promised, and the next day Uncle Henry went to his wife saying that he expected to be home shortly, as the expenses of staying in San Francisco were heavy, and Aunt Hetty's heart was too much touched at what was to be beheld.

"Jest last night," he added, "I bought a widder a dinner, and if you had seen the way she enjoyed it, it would have done your k'art good."

But he went no further into details.

IRRIGATION BETTER THAN RAIN!

(From Review of Reviews)

MECHANICAL appliance has yielded a number of startling paradoxes in its course. But not least startling is the announcement that the parched desert proves more fertile than moist loam, and irrigation produce better results than rain. In a paper in the "United Empire" on irrigation, Mr. C. W. Peterson, General Manager of the Canadian Pacific Irrigation and Colonization Company, declares his thorough belief in irrigation. He says, "The Bible leads us to infer that the Garden of Eden was irrigated. Irrigation is the most ancient system of agriculture known." Farming under natural rainfall is of much greater uncertainty than today seven-eighths of the entire food supply of the world is produced upon irrigated lands.

"Where farming is carried on depending upon natural rainfall only, which does not differentiate, all plants are forced to a certain level, no matter how varied their moisture requirements may be. Every practical farmer and every thinking person must admit that irrigation is the only agricultural system that ordinarily permits of the most intelligent treatment, as a very insignificant cost, of each individual crop on the farm, and opens up possibilities in the way of the diversification of farming impossible on the non-irrigated farm."

Mr. Peterson particularizes the advantages of irrigation thus:

"By applying the exact degree of moisture, the very color and texture of fruits and vegetables can be regulated to a nicety. The irrigation farmer can keep his crops growing until they have attained their maximum development. He then shuts off the water and ripens them quickly. He can make the wheat berries fill by watering when the grain is 'in milk.' He can force barley to grain and produce the world's finest malting barley. The onion raiser keeps his bulbs growing until ripening time. He then dries them off, thus ensuring the most perfect keeping qualities. By always keeping potatoes evenly moist, they are made smooth and free from knobs and second growths. It is a notorious fact that, perhaps, with the exception of hard wheat, the world's standard crops are produced on irrigated lands."

A further argument is found in the alleged superiority of the arid to the humid stretches of soil:

"An enormous agricultural advantage in connection with land located in arid or sub-humid districts, to which irrigation would generally be confined, is the fact that the soil is uniformly of great richness. The reason for this is perfectly clear. Under humid conditions the soil is continually subjected to bleaching by heavy rains. The water penetrates the sub-soil, washing with it the valuable plant foods, which it in thus impossible to retain near the surface, where it is required for the sustenance of the crop. It is now an accepted theory amongst soil chemists that the richest soils of the continent of America lie in the vicinity of the 100th meridian, where

BACTERIA IN MILK

THE number of bacteria contained in milk increases very rapidly from the moment of milking for a certain time, and then slowly decreases. Some bacteriologists have attributed this phenomenon to a bactericidal power possessed by the milk due to some unidentified ingredient. Experiments have been made to isolate this hypothetical substance, which appears to remain active up to a temperature of 140 deg. F. The milk was filtered through a porcelain cylinder, and the filtrate obtained showed greater germicidal power than ordinary milk, but no conclusive results were obtained. The real explanation of the germicidal power of milk is much simpler. The acidity of milk continually becomes a less favorable medium for the growth and increase of the bacteria also have to contend with the lactic ferments, which develop very rapidly in sour milk, and are generally victorious in the struggle for existence. It is for this reason that the lactic ferments are employed in therapeutics.

SOME CURIOUS SPOONS

NOWADAYS we are familiar with all manner and shapes of spoons intended for divers purposes, but some of the old-fashioned ones are merely curiosities. For instance, there is the old marrow-spoon, used by our grandparents for extracting marrow from bones. This spoon was made double, one end having a small bowl and the other for those of larger bore.

Another old spoon was that used for mulberries. This had a perforated bowl and a pierced and twisted handle, and was employed in a day when mulberries were much more commonly eaten than they are at the present time. With the perforated bowl the little sugar sprinkled on the berry, which was then conveyed to the mouth on the spiked end of the handle.

Occasionally mote-spoons are seen these days. Tea-caddies of the old-fashioned type have long since gone their way, and with them disappeared the caddie spoon. The small, candle, little pap spoons are others that have long ago gone out of use.

THE JOHNSON-JEFFRIES FIGHT

IT is no use to try to get very far away from the big fight nowadays.

The papers are full of it, every third man wants to know what you think about it and one of the other two insists on telling you what he thinks—often pretty good stuff to listen to, at that. There never was such interest in a fight between two men, nor ever a time when the interest covered so wide a stretch of land and water. That Rosebery train won't be the only one to come from distant parts to see the big scrap, and it's an even money bet that if a chap should go to the North Pole—really discover it, you know—the first thing he'd be asked by the man who lives there—a Pole, of course—would be, "How about the big fight? What do you know about it?"

And listen: I really must tell you this: I read in the paper the other day about Rosebery and said to a friend of mine that that settled it for me—I must go for sure, since Rosebery is to be there. "Oh," said my friend, "you've yet to be assured him that Rosebery is very much alive and—at—times—kicking.

"He's the man who got up the rules, isn't he?" queried my friend, who, as you may gather, is not waving his hat from the top round of the sports ladder —he's too busy for that. When I could choke off laughing, I told him that our friend of the rules was the Marquis of Queensberry. "Well, I knew it was some kind of a berry," said he. But this was the third man, and even his type is getting warmed up and interested as time goes by and the big event gets closer.

* * *

BUT about the press notices of the fight: There's lots of 'em and a good many that are all right in the way of telling us something that we didn't know before about the men in the ring, but there's about other men who have fought and what happened to them.

But you'll maybe have noticed that there's about seven words for Jeffries to one for Johnson. Jeffries is feeling fine. Jeffries is as lean as a greyhound and as strong as a bear. Jeffries is leading a simple life on the farm. Jeffries has every trainer of any account in the world on his side. Jeffries will train in the mountains, and will shoot bears with one hand and punch the stuffing out of his boxing partner with the other.

* * *

AND all the while, what do we hear of Jack Johnson? Not a derned thing except that which is bad. Johnson has been arrested for speeding in a car. Johnson bit a small contentive coon in New York, and the indignant judge ordered him to jail while outraged justice finds out why Pindar assaulted coon disappeared. Johnson will suffer if it is found that he is to blame for Pindar's lighting out just as he was wanted. Johnson is doomed to defeat because he does not do the flat-footed man con retreat backward without tripping over his own heel. Johnson will never live to get into the ring, because he'll be killed in an automobile accident. If he does climb over the ropes, Jeff will kill him with looks first and then with a punch. This kills Johnson every time—and then there's the jail sentence he's sure to get in New York, where the chivalric nature of the proud and haughty Caucasian—Tom Hoboken—has been outraged by Johnson's behavior.

Maybe a good deal of this New York indignation against Johnson comes from the fact that he is a coon person in New York is a Jew, and slapping a man is out of line with Hebrew doctrine. In the olden days they proceeded on divine commands and wiped out the man or nation who offended them by hook or by crook—mostly crook. Nowadays, when the average Jew is affronted, he says not a word but writes until he can get the affronter into a trade, and then Heaven send help or the ungodly offender of Hebrew pride is skinned alive and his hide nailed to the shop door.

AN IMPROVEMENT

The boneless codfish is O. K.
And boneless ham's not bad;
But what we'd like to see today
Would be a boneless shad.

* * *

DEBTOR—"I shall call ev ery week until you pay this account."

Debtor—"Really. Then there seems every probability of our acquaintance ripening into friendship!"

Current Verse

WINGS

The hand of man emerging from the mist
Of primal ages, was a hairy fist,
All blood-bedabbled; for the hand had killed
Before it learned to sow and reap and build.
So each new tool was but a weapon fit
To add new terrors to the blow of it;
The first rude axe was formed for bloody deed,
Split skulls before it served the builder's need.
And thus through ages runs the tale; by worst
Of uses is the new-found tool accurs'd,
Yet we believe what prophet's word recorded,
That into plowshares men shall beat the sword.

For centuries we stood upon the edge
Of space and yearned, while sparrows from the hedge
Took flight and taunted us. "That I had wings!"
'Mid stormy music, thus the Psalmist sings,
"Then would I fly away and be at rest!"
And lo, the wings are ours, a gift, the best
The genius of our race has forged; a tool
Fit for our eager age. What says the fool,
The War-brute? "This is mine, for brawls and strife,
As hawk-wings are the hawk's—for taking life!"

Well, claim them, War-god! Use them till the race
Will kill you no more. What narrow space
Holds man to-day apart from brother man,
A range of rock, a river, or a span
Of channel; and our wings shall overleap
These dwarfish landmarks. Then what king shall keep
His fold from merging with humanity
As waters intermingle in the sea?

Sail forth, winged Argonauts of trackless air,
And as upon your homeward course you fare
Bring heav'nly treasure. Neither gold nor steel,
Nor gross and earthy wealth weight your light keel;
Man's Brotherhood, bring that as Golden Fleece
On sun-blest wings, bright harbingers of peace.

—Charlton Lawrence Edholm.

* * *

THE AEROPLANE

My sinews are supple as steel,
A motor athrob is my heart.
I thrill to its beating. I feel
The lift of the air as I start;
With a swirl and a rush I upwheel
To stab the steep sky like a dart.

For speed and for strength am I made,
Yet fragile and frail is my form;
My framework and buttresses braced
To shoulder the stress of the storm.
I war with the winds unafraid,
Afloat over perils as warm.

Swift soaring I tower and stoop,
I wing like a haggard at view;
I undo the nights with the days.
I climb for a glimpse of the dawn,
I hold back the sunset at will.
A star 'mid the stars I am borne,
I hunt the moon over the hill.
At even, at midnight, at morn,
I float and I flutter my fill.

These things are all mine to enjoy,
Not mine is the praise or the plan.
Through strength of the winds I employ,
By sight is a continent's span,
Yet I am but a weapon, a toy.
My maker and master is man.

Behold! I am born of his brain,
His thought is the father of me.
The Daedalus labored in vain
Whose Icarus plunged to the sea.
To man came the vision again,
The dream that was greater than he.

Compact of this dream-stuff am I,
Its visible flower and fruit.
I have opened the way of the sky,
I have wedded the bird with the brute.
And ye, who must dream till ye die,
What now will ye hold in pursuit?

With the wings of a dove ye have flown,
Ye were neither to hold nor to bind.
The road of the eagle have ye have known,
With a bit have ye bridled the wind.
Ye have made the cloud kingdom your own,
What conquest is now in your mind?

Ye have smitten the void with your fans,
Ye have climbed with the skies for your stair,
Ye have wrestled with vigorous vans
The wind-bitten wastes of the air.
What great new adventure is man's?
What next will he dream of and dare?

Ah, what? If the body be frail,
His wit and his will are divine.
To heights upon heights he shall sail,
His star all the stars shall outshine.
Yet shall none of his conquests prevail
To match with the marvel of mine.

—Francis Medhurst.

* * *

A PSYCHOLOGICAL PROBLEM

Suppose I met a shocked shade
All ghastly grim.
Why should I be a bit afraid
Of spooks like him?

The worst that he could do to me
Would be to slay.
And if he did, should I not be
A spirit, pray?

Then couldn't I pick out the spot
He guarded most,
And make it mighty all-fired hot
For Mister Ghost?

Municipality of the Town of Taber.

BY-LAW NO. 22.

Fire By-Law,

A By Law of the Town of Taber, to define certain Fire Limits in the said Town of Taber, and to regulate the erection of buildings therein, and also to make regulations elsewhere and otherwise in the said Town with a view to decrease the danger from fire.

WHEREAS it has been found expedient and necessary to do all of the things mentioned above.

THEREFORE the Mayor and Council of the Municipality of the Town of Taber, in Council assembled, enacts as follows:

1. That the Fire Limits of the Town of Taber shall be that part thereof which is bounded as follows: Commencing at De Veber Avenue, along Main Street East to Alberta Avenue, thence North along said Alberta Avenue on the west side thereof to a point 125 feet North of the North side of Front Street, thence westerly to East side of the Canadian Pacific Railway's pipe line, thence Southerly along the East side of said pipe line to a point 125 feet North of Main Street or the first lane North of said Main Street.

2. That no buildings shall be hereafter erected within the said Fire Limits unless a permit for the erection thereof shall have been first obtained from the Council of the said Town after the plans thereof have been submitted to and approved by said Council.

3. That no building shall be hereafter erected or constructed of any kind or description within that portion of the said Fire Limit described above, unless the same be constructed of stone, brick or concrete, or brick veneer, and be roofed with metal, gravel, slate, or other non-inflammable material; and unless for a one storey building there be a nine inch solid wall of stone, brick or concrete, and for a two storey building, there be a thirteen inch solid wall of stone, brick or concrete for the first storey and a nine inch solid wall of stone, brick or concrete for the second storey; and for a three storey building, unless there be an eighteen inch solid wall of stone, brick or concrete for the first storey and a 13 inch solid wall of stone, brick or concrete for the second storey and a nine inch solid wall of stone, brick or concrete for the third storey thereof, side walls to be in every case entire without openings or with openings protected by fire doors or shutters covered with iron, and where buildings are erected in a continuous block, the divisional walls thereof shall be carried at least three feet above the roof.

Provided that privies not exceeding six feet by ten feet, and not over ten high and covered with metal, may be constructed of wood.

4. No repairs shall be made to any building in any Fire Limit unless said repairs are made in accordance with this By Law, such kinds of material to be used as would be used in the construction of a new building, and in no case shall a building of any kind be moved into a Fire Limit if it is constructed of any kind of material that is not allowed in said Fire Limit by this By Law, and no old building now in the Fire Limits may be removed from one place in the aforesaid Fire Limit to another in the said Fire Limits if by such removal the properties already erected in such part of the Fire Limits shall be endangered thereby. And no building shall be removed unless a permit therefor shall first have been obtained from the Council.

5. No person shall place any building or other material on any part of the streets or sidewalks of the Town except after receiving a permit to do so, and then only such part of the street mentioned in such permit, immediately in front of the ground to be built upon or the building to be repaired or altered, and such material shall not be piled to a greater height than six feet nor so as to obstruct the free passage of water in the drains, gutter or water courses along the sidewalk, nor shall any person dress stone, or timber on any street in the said Town or pile or place any material or earth taken from the site of any building upon any street or lane in the said Town unless a permit has been first obtained from the Council, in writing, for the same.

6. Any party wall that shall have been built conformable to the requirements of of any By Law regulating the construction of such walls in force at the time of construction, if sound and in good condition, may be used in the construction of any adjoining building.

Provided that no brick work shall be placed in such wall to give an additional height to the wall unless the thickness of such additional wall and the thickness of the old wall shall equal the thickness required for the divisional walls.

In cases of outside walls of any business building being built against the wall of any old building (not being a party wall) the new wall shall be of the same thickness as required for outside walls in such building.

7. External walls shall not become party walls unless the same have been previously erected in accordance with the provisions of this By Law. Ends of timbers lying through old party walls shall be cut off when new buildings are erected against them. The brick work in all party walls shall be properly bonded in each case.

8. All party walls must be between house and house except in parts where each house has independent walls, and all buildings erected in a terrace or row shall have one brick division at least in every thirty feet in length frontage, and said division walls must be equal in thickness at least to that required for outer walls and shall be carried eighteen inches above the roof.

9. Any removal or raising or enlargement of any building shall be considered a re-erection and subject to the terms of this By Law.

10. No wooden sills or posts shall be made a part of the foundation of the main walls of any building hereafter erected, altered or repaired within the Fire Limits.

11. Any building or buildings which may be erected, constructed or placed in the Fire Limit contrary to the provisions of this said By Law, shall be pulled down or removed at the expense of the owners thereof.

12. No building or buildings shall be erected, constructed or placed on old or new foundations or on foundations partly old and partly new, or shall be removed to or placed within the Fire Limits, unless all main walls of such buildings shall be built of brick, iron, stone, concrete or brick veneer with roofing of metal, gravel covered felt or slate.

13. Upon a conviction for a breach of the provisions of this By Law, the convicting Justice, besides imposing a fine and penalty, may order the offender to carry out the requirements of this By Law within a time limited by the order, and in default of the offender carrying out such an order, the Building Inspector or other person duly authorized shall forthwith, at the expense of the offender, take such measures to carry out the requirements of this By Law as shall be necessary and the expense thereof with costs may be recovered by action or distress, and in cases of non-payment thereof the same shall be recovered in like manner as Municipal taxes.

14. Any person or persons guilty of an infraction or breach of any of the provisions of this By-Law shall, upon conviction thereof before any Justice of the Peace having jurisdiction in the said Town, forfeit and pay a fine not exceeding $100.00 exclusive of costs, for each offence, and in case of non-payment of such fine and costs inflicted for any such breach, it shall and may be lawful for the Justice of the Peace convicting as aforesaid, to commit the offender or offenders to imprisonment in the lock up of the Town or in the nearest common gaol for a period not exceeding thirty days, unless such fine and costs, including the costs of committal, are sooner paid.

15. The Mayor, or in his absence, the Chairman of the Fire, Water and Light committee or chief of the Fire Brigade, is hereby empowered to order entry upon private property and order the pulling down or razing of buildings in the vicinity of a fire when action is deemed necessary in order to prevent the spread of fire.

16. The Chief of the fire Brigade or any member of the said Brigade is hereby authorised to enter any building in case of fire or if he has reason to believe that a fire exists in such building, and in case for such action or damage by use of water or chemicals shall the Town be liable for any damage done.

Done and passed in Council at the Town of Taber, this 23rd day of February A.D. 1910.

.....Mayor.

.....Sec.-Treas.

NOTICE

NOTICE is hereby given that in accordance with the provisions of the Irrigation Act, the Municipality of the Town of Taber has filed the memorials and plans required by Sections 13 and 15 of the said Act with the Commissioner of Irrigation at Calgary.

The applicant municipality applies for the right to divert one-fifth of one cubic foot of water per second from Belly River on the north-west quarter of section 7, township 10, range 16, West of the 4th Meridian (through the works of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company), for other purposes, and for the right to construct the necessary works as shown by the memorials and plans filed to enable the water so diverted to be used for the said other purposes within the limits of the Town of Taber.

DATED at Taber, Alta., this 30th day of May, 1910.

Municipality Town of Taber.
W. W. Doughas, Mayor.
Geo. C. Millar, Secretary-Treasurer.
Applicants.

Sport

LACROSSE

On Monday night the Outlaws met the Pros. on the Recreation grounds, and gave that team the time of its life. The Pros. won of course, because the Outlaws never extended themselves to any appreciable extent. Alderman Mitchell who played with the Outlaws had on his everyday clothes. Take his word for it. If he had had his pants off and a nice pair of green lacrosse pajamas on, the score would have been different.

For brilliant plays the palm goes to Longboat McAllister, who (nearly) stopped Cook of the professionals on one of the latter's head-long flights, and to 18k. Wright who executed several fin-de-sicle (whatever that means) stick handling outbreaks.

The Pros. had a good work-out, which was the one thing desired, and the evening closed with Bud White singing that old sweet song, "Mother, Mother, pin a rose on me."

Ten to Seven in Favor of Jeffries.

San Francisco, May 26.—Jack Johnson switched the usual course of events to-day and instead of doing his road work in the morning, was in his running clothes in the afternoon when he did something like four miles. The change, it was explained at the camp, was due to some personal business Johnson had to attend to which prevented the usual forenoon exercising on the road.

Tom Flanagan, a well known hammer thrower, who hails from Toronto, Canada, arrived to-day and took up quarters at the Johnson camp. Flanagan met Johnson while he was in Canada touring that country. He will not do any boxing, but as the champion believes in plenty of rough work it is likely that Flanagan will wrestle on the mat with the champion. Another arrival was Frank Sutton. A story preceded Sutton that he was coming to San Francisco to assume charge of the culinary department of Johnson's camp, but Sutton denied any such intention.

Sutton is a heavy bettor on Johnson and it is said that he will probably act as Johnson's betting commissioner.

"The present odds of 10 to 7 looks good to me," said Sutton. "I look to see the betting even before it goes very far, but even that price will suit us."

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San Francisco, Cal., June 1.—That Billy Nolan, formerly manager of Battling Nelson, will eventually assume command at Johnson's camp is a story that gained credence last night. The story is backed by a fight that took place between Manager George Little and Sig. Hart, one of the training staff. As gossip goes there has been anything but harmony between Little and Hart, and it recently culminated in a physical contest, in which Little is said to have stretched Hart out in the road while the members of the camp were playing baseball. There was an end to the affair only when Johnson gave Little a tongue lashing. It is said that Little has been shorn of all real authority. Nolan has admitted that he has been indirectly sounded on the subject of taking charge. Nolan was instrumental in having Billy Delaney installed as chief adviser at the Johnson camp.

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Ben Lomond, Cal., June 1.—Jas. J. Corbett stepped into the limelight at the Jeffries training camp yesterday. Jeffries was all wrapped up in his automobile, and when the usual crowd of visitors came in to see the afternoon's boxing they found that Jeffries had flown and Corbett was there to entertain them.

The conversational warble between Johnson and Corbett waxes apace. When Corbett read an interview with Johnson in the morning papers, in which Johnson was quoted as daring Corbett to box him, the former champion grew angry. Corbett declared he would box Johnson for charity and would exact only ten per cent, with which he would "buy a monument for Johnson when Jeffries gets through with him."

"I am willing to bet, old as I am, I can make him quit," he said.

A report came from Johnson's quarters late last night to the effect that Johnson was offended by James J. Corbett's remarks concerning his courage, the negro champion would challenge Corbett to meet him in a boxing match at any time prior to the date of the big fight, the proceeds of the exhibition to be devoted to charity. Promoters Rickard and Gleason are not expected to enthuse over the rumored plan for such a meeting.

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WRESTLING

Chicago, June 1.— Frank Gotch, of Iowa, will defend the world's championship against Stanislaus Zybszko, of Poland, in a finish catch-as-catch-can match at the Coliseum to-night. The promoters say the match is for a purse of $25,000. It will be Gotch's first appearance since he defeated Kussuf Mahont more than a year ago.

Enthusiasts concede Zybszko a chance to win, and the Pole is said to have advised his countrymen not to bet on him. It is generally believed, however, that Gotch will have a hard contest to win the required two falls for the verdict. On sheer strength, the Polish champion would be an easy winner, but Gotch's cleverness and speed are expected to offset this advantage.

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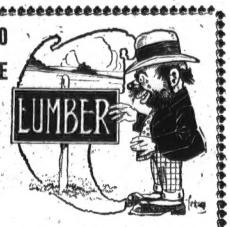
Lethbridge, May 31.—The Lethbridge baseball management released Manager Chesty Cox to-day, and engaged Catcher Joe Lynch to manage the team. Cox signed with Regina at once, and played left field to-night.

The New Provincial Secretary.

Hon. A. J. McLean is an old-timer in the west, having come to Manitoba in 1881. In 1887 he located on the C. Y. Ranch, and his name has been associated with that well known property ever since. No man is better known or more highly esteemed in Southern Alberta than Archie McLean. He resides on the ranch near Taber, and it is only fair to say that the new minister is so much admired in his home district that there were only a dozen or so votes polled against him there.

Mr. McLean made his first appearance in politics in the general election of 1909, as an Independent Liberal. Previous to that he had participated in public affairs. His entire time was devoted to his large business interests. For years he was associated with Osler, Hammond and Nanton. He is a great friend of Hon. A. P. McNab, of the Saskatchewan government, and the two "Archies" have many similar characteristics, particularly noticeable being the fact that they are not talkers but workers. Mr. McLean is a Presbyterian and a Free Mason of high degree. He has a son, Duncan, about five years old.

ALL TRAILS SEEM TO RUN TOGETHER AT THE



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A full stock of rough and dressed lumber, shiplap flooring, joists, and furnishing lumber. Fence posts and scantling.

EVERYTHING A BUILDER NEEDS

but the nails and the labour.

THEO. G. ZWIESLER, Manager, TABER BRANCH.

DO YOU

Want a couple of A.1. business lots at a conservative figure? I OFFER Lots 1 and 2, Block 5, corner of Hough Street and Russell Avenue, for only

$1,400

for a few days only.

4 fine residential lots south of the track. Lots 4, 5, 6, and 7, Block 40, at $75 each for quick delivery. Call me up about them. Phone 90.

Steamship Tickets to Europe and the Mediterranean. Money to Loan on approved Farm and City Property.

PERCY LAPUM LEACH

O'Brien Made Scene In The House.

Edmonton, May 26.—Hon. A. L. Sifton until this morning Chief Justice of Alberta, is now its premier, the house is prorogued and on Monday or shortly thereafter the new premier will announce the personnel of the new cabinet. What men will comprise it no one knows but himself. When the House met this afternoon, Dr. Rutherford presented a resolution of condolence on the death of the late King and made some appropriate remarks. The motion was seconded by R. B. Bennett, who paid an eloquent tribute to the departed monarch, and prophesied a great reign for his successor.

As soon as he had finished C. M. O'Brien, the Socialist member, arose and made some disparaging remarks about the late King, disgusting everyone present. Had he said the same things in front of a street crowd not bound by the rules of propriety, he might have been handled roughly, as it was he was squelched as soon as he began. He started, "The King was a man who worked little and ate well." Mr. Bennett objected to such remarks being allowed in the House. O'Brien hastened to explain that he meant nothing personal and was speaking only on that subject to protect himself and force the privilege of holding the floor. O'Brien declared he hated to make an amendment as he could get no seconder. He muttered something about not being allowed free speech. By the time he sat down every man and woman in the hall was so indignant that it is a wonder the Socialist was not thrown bodily out of the house.

WANTED—20 Men by the 20th of June. Good Sheep Shearers. Apply James Turnbull, Grassy Lake.

DRAWING—The drawing for the 4 roomed house which was ta take place on June 1st, will be postponed until further notice.

LOST, STRAYED or STOLEN.—One bay gelding horse, partly bald face, age between 7 and 9, rangy, "J bar" brand on left thigh, halter and rope on when lost. $10.00 reward when returned to James S. Stetson, N. ½ 29-8-16 or to the Taber Livery Stable.

STRAYED on to my place, sec 1 12-17, west 4th, two year old mare colt, branded ½ on right shoulder. Owner can have same by proving property and paying for this ad. C. E. Renner.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Many Notably Successful Men Owe Their First Start in Business To a Small Savings Account

The habit of laying aside regularly a small amount from the weekly wage, is one of the most valuable habits a man or woman can acquire.

The amount is not missed, the sum rapidly increases, interest accumulates steadily; and soon you have enough to start a small business of your own.

The BANK OF HAMILTON welcomes and encourages the account of the small depositor.

All formality has been dispensed with.

Inquire for the Manager, at any one of the Bank's hundred branches. Beyond your own signature for future identification when withdrawing money, routine is eliminated.

Head Office, HAMILTON

Capital Paid-up - - -	$2,500,000
Reserve and Undivided Profits -	2,900,000
Total Assets - - -	over 35,000,000

W. H. LECK - Agent
TABER, ALTA.